

The Sketch

No. 869.—Vol. LXVII.

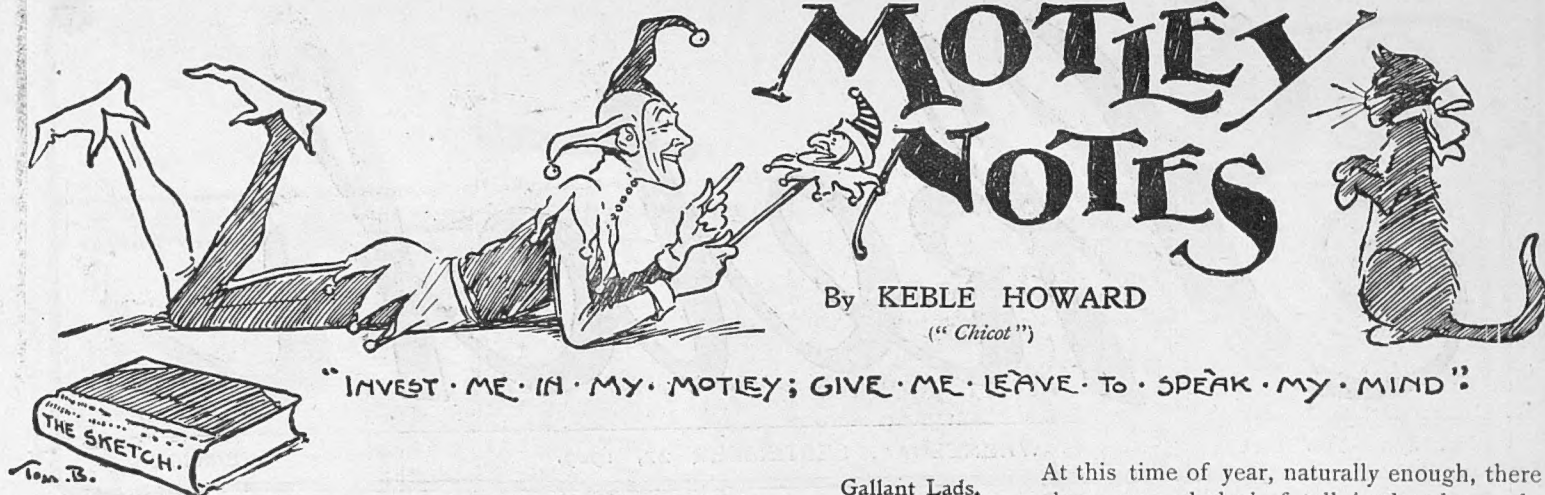
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



A PRETTY THING IN GODS: ONE OF THE IDOLS IN "FALSE GODS," OF WHOSE WORSHIP
THE PRIEST SATNI DID NOT APPROVE.

This idol, which in the first act of "False Gods," at His Majesty's, is shown with a broken horn, has to be mended before the return of the master of the house. This is only done after extraordinary displays of awe and respect on the part of the potter and his assistant who have been sent to do the work, in striking contrast to the scene of destruction which follows after the teaching of the sceptical priest.—[Photograph Copyright by "The Sketch."]



Depressing Reading.

When I was a little boy (a period of life which is only spoken of with enthusiasm in the presence of little boys), I found a melancholy pleasure in graveyards. I used to spend hours in the various graveyards within walking distance of our little town, and I always came away sorrowfully but satisfactorily convinced that all the good people were dead. I racked my brains to think of any living acquaintance of mine who could reach this sort of standard—

HERE LIES
THE BODY OF
WILLIAM JOHN SOMETHING,
Who Passed Away on Dec. 18th, 1794,
DEEPLY LAMENTED.

A LOVING HUSBAND, A GOOD FATHER, A GENEROUS MASTER, HE ENDEARED HIMSELF TO ALL WITH WHOM HE CAME IN CONTACT. UPRIGHT AND HONOURABLE IN ALL HIS DEALINGS, HE CAN NEVER BE REPLACED.

"Requiescat in Pace."

Of course, I would say to myself, it is quite easy to understand that there was *one* such man in this village at that time. But it seems they were all like that.

The Old Sexton's Opinion.

Later on, the mystery was explained to me by an old sexton, whose wise words I have placed on record elsewhere. We were looking at a handsome monument which a son had caused to be set up in memory of his mother. It was a strikingly splendid affair, far more imposing than anything else in the churchyard. In fact, it made all the other burial-places look rather mean. There was a lot of gold on it, I remember, and when this caught the sun the effect was really dazzling. All the writing, of course, was eulogistic to a degree, and, just as a warning to people of an inferior birth and virtue, a nobbly iron chain had been run round the base of the erection. "That man," I said to the old sexton, "must have been very fond of his mother." "Maybe," returned the sexton carelessly. "Meself, though, I reckon 'e put it up to his own honour and glory." A great many things at once became clear to me. I wondered what the dead would think of their epitaphs if they happened to be suddenly brought back to life. Surely they would feel a little shy, a little doubtful of their ability to live up to so much praise. At any rate, in the case of a domestic squabble, they could always point through the window to the monument, and remind the person who had caused it to be put there of the glorious past to the credit side of the ledger.

Kinder to William John.

The actual result, I suppose, of this epitaphic adulation is to counteract whatever respect and affection might have been the due of those over whom they are placed. It is impossible for the mature passer-by to swallow anything so strong. He is sure to imagine all sorts of horrible things about William John Something. A far more adroit way of securing lasting admiration for William John would be to give him an epitaph of this nature—

HERE LIES
THE BODY OF
WILLIAM JOHN SOMETHING,
Who Passed Away on Dec. 18th, 1794.

HE HAD HIS FAULTS, BEING VIOLENT IN HIS TEMPER, ESPECIALLY TOWARDS HIS WIFE, WHO ERECTS THIS MONUMENT. ON THE WHOLE, HOWEVER, HE WAS NOT A BAD OLD STICK. ONE HEARS OF MANY WORSE IN THIS VILLAGE WHO ARE STILL LIVING.

"Requiescat in Pace."

By KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot")

Gallant Lads, All!

At this time of year, naturally enough, there is always a good deal of talk in the places where writing men are gathered together about reviewers and reviewing. The chief grievance still seems to be that "nasty" notices are always anonymous. Personally, I don't consider it a grievance at all. It is much the better plan for all concerned, especially for the anonymous reviewer. He can still meet you with the same genial smile of welcome, he can still give you the same hearty grip of the hand, he can still look steadily into your eyes as into the eyes of a dear friend. As a rule, you see, the "nasty" notice is written by a man who has a sincere regard for you. Consider what would happen if he signed his bit. He would never feel quite, quite sure that you were not cross with him. Instead of the old genial smile of welcome, he would approach you with a furtive look on his face; instead of the hearty grip of the hand, you would get a distant nod; instead of looking at you steadily, his eyes would shift hither and thither like a cheap cinematograph. Believe me, my brothers, it is all to the good that he shouldn't know that you know that he was "the covey as done it." Anything that can make life a little pleasanter for the writer of anonymous "nastinesses" should be preserved and cherished.

A Delightful Notice.

The only fault I have to find with him is that he does not make his stuff "hot" enough. It lacks virility. The most delightful notice I ever received appeared in *Truth*. The book in question was a small, unambitious thing. In point of fact, it was my first actual book. It told the story of two young people who made up their minds to spend their honeymoon in a country cottage, four miles from anywhere. The adventures that befell them in the cottage and round about it made the book. *Truth* said: "(15) This is the silliest book we have ever read." That was all. There was no resisting that notice. Everybody I met that week seemed to have seen *Truth*, and everybody asked me whether I had seen it. People rang me up on the telephone and inquired what it meant, and who had done it; and whether it was true. I replied that I hadn't the slightest idea who had done it, but it was easy to see what it meant, and I had no reason to doubt that it was true. The publisher sold quite a lot of copies on the strength of that notice. I have always wondered why he didn't put it into his advertisements; I suppose he thought I should take a header into the Thames for sheer despair. To tell you the truth, I was rather proud to think I had made somebody so cross.

Why They Get Cross.

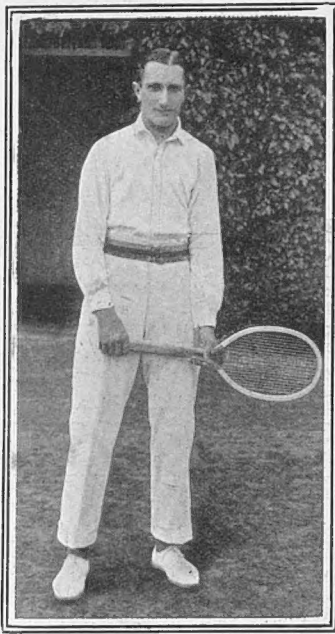
I am often urged, even instructed, to take a more serious view of life. "You shouldn't," they say, "keep so much on the surface. Life, in reality, is far from being a joke. It is high time that you began to deal with the things of importance, such as disease and death." Well, you know, the people who want one to take a serious view of life, and who clamour for books and plays about disease and death, are always the people who have had a jolly good time of it from the very beginning, and know nothing of the dark side from actual experience. They are the eternal babes of the world. A little æsthetic sorrow is a great treat to them, just as those who live among squalid surroundings like to read stories about duchesses and millionaires. With their kind permission, I think I shall just continue to be as cheerful as possible, and do my humble best to make other people cheerful as well. No?

JULIA'S BUREAU: A CALL-OFFICE FOR SPIRITS.



AN ELABORATE SYSTEM OF COMMUNICATION WITH THE DEPARTED: THE "EXCHANGE" ROOM IN MR. STEAD'S OFFICE.

This room in Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, formerly Mr. W. T. Stead's private office, is now used for holding communication with the dead through mediums, in connection with the remarkable institution which Mr. Stead has founded called "Julia's Bureau," after his well-known Spiritualistic familiar. On the door, instead of the word "Silence," hangs a photograph of Luini's picture with that title. Each client has to fill up a form stating the belief that "the deceased would desire such an opening up of communication as earnestly as does the applicant." About six applications a day are made at present, and it is claimed that seventy-five per cent. of them have "got through" to their departed friends. Each client subscribes a guinea to the Borderland Library, but otherwise there is no set charge. Applicants wait in an ante-chamber, like visitors to a dentist, until one or other of the mediums is disengaged.—[Photographs by Topical.]



ONE OF THE TWO GERMANS IN THE FINAL OF THE GENTLEMEN'S SINGLES AT EASTBOURNE: MR. F. W. RAHE.

In the South of England Championships two Germans were in the final of the Gentlemen's Singles—Mr. Otto Froitzheim and Mr. F. W. Rahe.

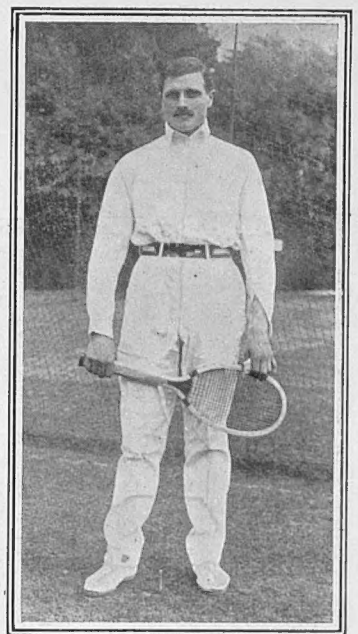
Photograph by Sports Company.



BOUND IN MOROCCO: EL ROGHI, THE MOORISH PRETENDER, BROUGHT TO FEZ IN A CAGE.

El Roghi, the captured Moroccan Pretender, was brought to Fez in a wooden cage. The Sultan, Mulai Hafid, had been torturing his prisoners in quite the mediæval manner, and a European protest was made, which, however, seems merely to have stimulated him to greater efforts. El Roghi has now been executed, it is said, with horrible cruelty.

Photograph by A. Scherl.



GERMANY INVADING OUR LAWN-TENNIS COURTS: CHAMPION IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND TOURNAMENT: MR. OTTO FROITZHEIM.

In the Gentlemen's Singles Mr. Otto Froitzheim beat his fellow-countryman, Mr. F. W. Rahe. They played together in the Doubles, but were beaten by Messrs. R. B. and K. Powell.—[Photo. by Sports Company.]



THE KING AT DUNTREATH CASTLE: HIS MAJESTY AS THE GUEST OF SIR ARCHIBALD AND LADY EDMONSTONE.

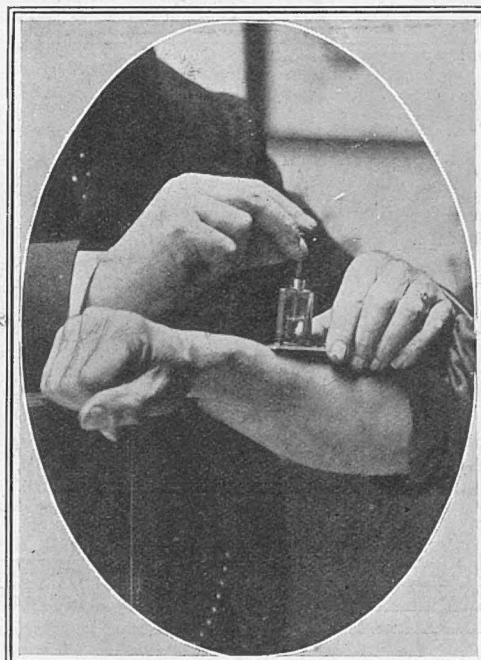
His Majesty the King, who has recently been paying a round of visits at various country houses, is here seen with the house-party at Duntreath Castle, Blane, near Glasgow, where he was the guest of Sir Archibald and Lady Edmonstone.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



NEARLY QUEEN OF SPAIN: THE COUNTESS OF CARDIGAN AND LANCASTRE, WHO HAS PUBLISHED SOME RACY REMINISCENCES.

The Countess of Cardigan, whose first husband led the Charge of the Light Brigade, has just published a book called "My Recollections." She was once engaged to the Count Montemolin, the second Don Carlos, Pretender to the throne of Spain.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.



"HORRIBLY BORED BY A BEE": THE LATEST CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

Most of us have hitherto shared the feelings of the old man of Tralee with regard to bees, at any rate as far as their stings were concerned. Now they are to be employed to bore us in a literal sense, for a method of inoculation by bee-stings (as illustrated above) has been invented as a cure for rheumatism.

Photograph by Hal'ones.



SPECIALLY PRIVILEGED TO WEAR THE KING'S COLOURS: MABELLE FOURNIER, THE ENGLISH CHILD-DANCER IN PARIS.

Little Mabelle Fournier, who is only thirteen, has made a great success in Paris as a toe-dancer at the Folies Bergeres. She has received permission from the King to wear his racing colours. Though her name is French, she is of English birth.

Photograph by Bolak.

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The Bore's One Chance.

educated person, d'y'see, with a smatterin' of a whole blessed lot of the right useless things that someone or other in the dim old dusky past put down on a sheet of paper or parchment, to be smattered at by the sons of conventional unthinkin' people in return for very fat fees and tips and so forth. What? I mean, I wanted to fling down a ripe old apt quotation here, and not bein' able to fix it, suddenly remembered that I *am* well educated, and understood why it escaped me. That's not a bitter thought. Oh, bless you, no. It's just a clean, honest statement of fact. Anyway, I wanted to do the thing well, put down metaphorical red carpet and all that, and dish up my tiny germs in a pompous bottle in the approved manner of literary gents, d'y'see, and to say something about the fact that every man, however little of a man, has his hour. Follow me? It's pretty profound. It's one of those tremendous thoughts that have worried poets, led parsons into very dangerous by-paths, and supplied playwrights with plots. To my mind, and let it go at that, the man who only has one hour is a pretty feeble sort of joker. Every hour is my hour, but then, as you know, I'm a freak, a very ordinary, common or garden freak. I mean, a man who is just that and is contented to be that, and doesn't try and squeeze himself out of shape, and pass himself off as anything else, d'y'see? However, I have noticed here and there, casually, that there is one type of man whose hours can be counted on the fingers of one hand, poor devil, and he is the good old Club Bore. Know him? What a question! Who don't know him, or, rather, who won't know him? Like other weak vessels, I belong to just about five clubs too many, and in each one of 'em there is at least one cove who prevents me from gettin' any return for my yearly subscription. Often, just as I happen to pass a buildin' and catch its eye, so to speak, and remember with something of a shock that it's one of my clubs, I turn on the top step in a panic, rush pell-mell into a taxi, and beseech the man to drive furiously round the corner, all because it comes to me in a flash that there is a Bore waitin' for me in the smokin'-room, and brandishin' a heavy newspaper in each hand. I've just noticed that *this* is the time of year when the Club Bore enjoys his brief hour. The town is empty. He struts about the club as though he had bought it. He takes possession of rooms, and corners of the rooms, into which in ordinary full times he knows better than

Eton and all that, yes. Naturally—unfortunately. So that, of course, one is a very highly

to venture. He issues orders to the steward in loud, confident tones. He pounces on the man who has cut him severely on a hundred occasions, and dogs him yappingly from place to place, pilin' Peary upon Cook. He knows full well that he's got you, that you're at his mercy, and he makes the most of his one yearly opportunity. Knowin' that you

haven't got the moral and personal support of your set, that he is free from the volley of sarcastic eyes that drives him into ambush when the club is full, he possesses the false bravery of the Volunteer on a field day, when the cartridges are blank. You go in. Before you have hung up your hat, he is at you. He tells you that you are back in town, as a piece of news. He breaks a portentous secret by whisperin' that the summer has been rotten, and then, in the usual way, proceeds to astound you by sayin' that everybody is away. You say "Yes" and "Really" and fidget and curse inwardly like any bargee. You hurry to the hat place, to find him at your elbow, tellin' you about the next General Election. You go further into the innermost recesses of the buildin', hoping against hope, but his awful voice echoes from the tessellated walls, and you know that you are done. You know that lunch will be as bad as a visit to the dentist's, and the coffee interlude in the lounge as bad as an operation. You are cornered, bunkered, surrounded, overpowered, captured, lost, body and soul. It's comic, pathetic, and irritable, if I may say so, and all three because you know, if you have any sort of imagination, that the poor, unfortunate, unconscious Ass is havin' the time of his year, is enjoyin' himself for the very first hour of all hours of '09. And oh, don't he just

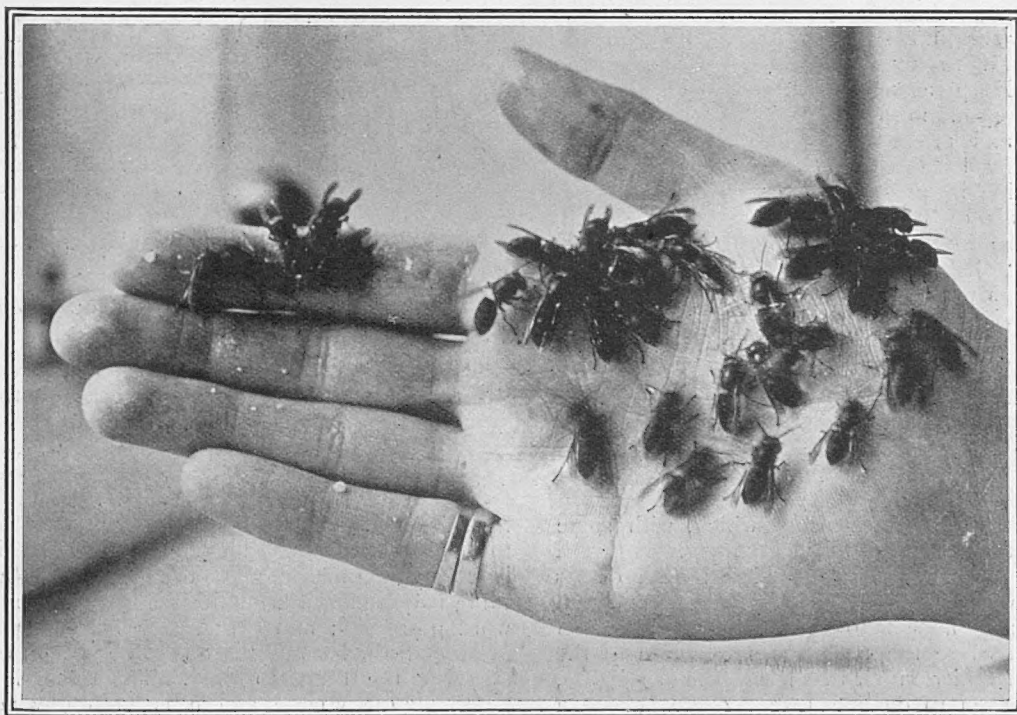
revel and gambol and make an orgie of that one brief hour! He is like the great actor who never gets an engagement playin' Hamlet to a charity audience, or the private member

who can never catch the Speaker's eye, addressin' his constituents at a political garden party. The pathos of the painful event almost swamped me the other day when I was the unwilling cause of givin' a bore the one hour of his '09. I soon got over fright and annoyance and very nearly broke down. I was cornered by the most egregious dash nuisance of the age, and rendered helpless for two hours. I aged perceptibly, and when at last I escaped I made my way into a drippin' afternoon with the thankfulness of a man just dug out of a coal-mine. Oh, b'Jove and b'George, how good it was to feel the mud on my collar and the patterin' rain on my boots! What?



"A HAIR OF THE DOG" NOT AVAILABLE IN THIS CASE. TINY AND TATCHO, GOOD SUBJECTS FOR THE HAIR-RESTORER.

Anyone contracting hydrophobia or rabies from a bite by one of these little dogs would be precluded from curing himself by the proverbial remedy—"a hair of the dog that bit him"—owing to the fact that they haven't got any. They are hairless dogs from Mexico, recently obtained by the "Zoo," and, owing to their delicacy, require extreme care, and have not yet been shown to the public. Their skins, of a dull slate-colour, like a suede glove, have not a trace of hair from nose to tail. What an "ad," for "Tatcho" if it could cause its canine namesake to develop a shaggy coat!—[Photograph by Halfones.]



"OH THAT I WERE A WASP UPON THAT HAND!" AN 'ANDOVER' AND HANDICAP.

Many strange creatures are kept as pets nowadays, but surely the strangest hobby is that of Miss Black-Hawkins, of Andover, whose hand, covered with her tame wasps, is represented here. It is said, by the way, that wasps are really the friends of man, and should not be destroyed, for they protect fruit from maggot-breeding insects, consuming them in large quantities. Sad to say, they are addicted to alcohol, which they find in rotten fruit. Male wasps, by the way, do not sting, but only the females and neuters.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (Monocle)

Mr. Sutro on Society.

Let us hope that Society takes as great an interest in Mr. Sutro as he in Society. "Making a Gentleman," at the Garrick, is another attack on the follies and crimes of Mayfair. Down with the young married women who neglect their husbands and gad about with "tame robins," to whom, they permit kisses that make promises which are broken—a crime according to the code of Adolphe Belot; down with snobbishness and the love of lords because they are peers; down with idleness which may even cause a young man educated at Harrow and Oxford to marry a beautiful young widow with £20,000 a year and a lurid past. I agree with Mr. Sutro—let them down. Up to a point the play is in Mr. Sutro's best style, though the reticence gained by him since "The Walls of Jericho" makes some scenes less effective, if more artistic. The pity is that we did not have more of the young widow, whom Miss Ethel Irving presented delightfully. I half expected, and quite hoped, she would pop up in the last act with a *coup de théâtre*, bringing the play to a happy ending; but that, of course, would have been clap-trap, which Mr. Sutro was right to avoid. Yet the hope showed me that I had not found the clever comedy quite convincing. Mr. Bouchier acted Sam Carey, the chief character, very ably, but I think he might have put a little more of the pickle-shop colour into it. Mr. Kenneth Douglas was really amusing as the idle young man who married the widow. Miss Athene Seyler, a young actress of much talent, played charmingly the part of a humble, amiable girl who befriended old Carey. One ought also to refer to some valuable work by Mr. Edmund Maurice and Mr. Benedict.

Modern Scepticism in Ancient Egypt.

If "False Gods" had no attraction save its magnificent pictures in the temple of Isis, it would repay a visit to His Majesty's. Nothing more impressive has been seen in this theatre. There are, however, other attractions. M. Brioux, the author, using ancient Egypt as a stalking-horse, delivers a prodigious attack on state religion and priesthood, all the more deadly because the case of the other side is presented with a plausible air of fairness. The French dramatist, the nearest counterpart to our "G. B. S.," is an iconoclast who, like Mr. Shaw, never makes the mistake of showing obvious unfairness to the other side. Both of them will run the risk of failing to convince the simple in the hope of catching the intelligent. "False Gods," which Mr. Fagan has translated admirably, is a curious mixture of old and new life, of superb pictures representing the past, and discussions which, with some superficial changes, might take place to-day. But it is not a mere conversation piece. There is real tragedy in the vain efforts of Satni, the young priest who has become an atheist, to prevent his beloved from sacrificing herself to the gods in the belief that by so doing she will cause the necessary inundation of the Nile: it is finely shown that vanity, rather than patriotism or religion, urges her strongly enough even to conquer love. There is also a strong dramatic effect in the last act, where a kind of Lourdes scene is shown—a crowd of the sick and maimed worshipping before the figure of Isis, hoping for a cure, to be signalled by a nod of the statue's head. We know that the nod will be caused by a mechanical device operated by turning a scarab. Satni stands

watching, deeply touched by the misery of the people waiting for the sham miracle. Their cries and lamentations increase in intensity, until at last, overcome by pity, he, false to his mission, turns the scarab, and all rejoice. Mr. Ainley played the part very finely. Sir Herbert, only present during the last act, gave a superb rendering of the High Priest. Miss D'Alroy acted as the sacrificed maiden with great sincerity. Mrs. Patrick Campbell represented a blind woman of rank hopeful of a cure by the gods, and then, when they were destroyed, confident, vainly, that Satni would restore her sight—a picturesque figure rendered beautifully, if a little monotonously. Also there was excellent acting by Messrs. H. Carter, E. Sass, W. Haviland, L. M. Lion, Jules Shaw, and Scott Craven.

"The Great Divide."

Mr. Moody's play has acted as a great "divide" among the critics, for I have read warm praise and also scornful phrases such as "hideous sentimentality." To me it seems a sincere, interesting, somewhat unsophisticated attempt at psychological drama which well deserves a hearing. No doubt the most thrilling moments are in the first act, which is quite strong; but even after the wild man of the West has captured as bride the maiden of the East, the piece is far from dead: indeed, there are thrilling moments in the struggle between the two temperaments that ends in the abducted girl becoming a devoted wife and fond mother. The abduction, with its entry of three drunken men into the hut where the helpless young lady from "Mass., U.S.A.," is left alone, with the duel "off," in which the hero wins, and the bargain by the heroine that she will become the hero's woman if he saves her from the other two, and with its chivalrous offer by him to release her, and subsequent insistence on her fulfilment of the bargain, is strongly dramatic, and the more dramatic because the dialogue is brief and tense. Alas! afterwards the dramatist is apt to become too talkative and aim at fine phrases. The acting of this capital drama is excellent. Miss Wynne Matthison was admirable as the heroine. Mr. Miller represented the rough hero with vigour and yet some delicacy; although an English player, he shows the quality of the best American strong character actors. Praise also is due to Miss Crews and Miss Waldron, and to Messrs. Gotthold and Benrimo.

"The Brass Bottle."

Mr. Anstey's latest effort, "The Brass Bottle," at the Vaudeville, should be a great success. It is certainly the best farce we have had for some considerable time. The idea with which he begins is admirably humorous—the Genie who is released from his bottle and finds all his efforts to reward his benefactor meet with little gratitude owing to an entirely mistaken idea of the kind of thing which a twentieth-century young man requires to complete his happiness. The whole thing is quite absurd, but it is absurd in the best sense which the word possesses; and Mr. Anstey has shown considerable skill in getting all the humour there is to be got out of the situation without allowing the thing to drag. The result is that rare product, a genuinely funny farce, and it is admirably acted by all concerned. Mr. Lawrence Grossmith, it is true, might conceivably have made a good deal more of the young man who plays the chief part, but Mr. Rudge Harding is responsible for a brilliant little character-study, and very clever work is done by Mr. Holman Clark, Mr. Alfred Bishop, Miss Mary Brough, and Miss Viva Birkett.



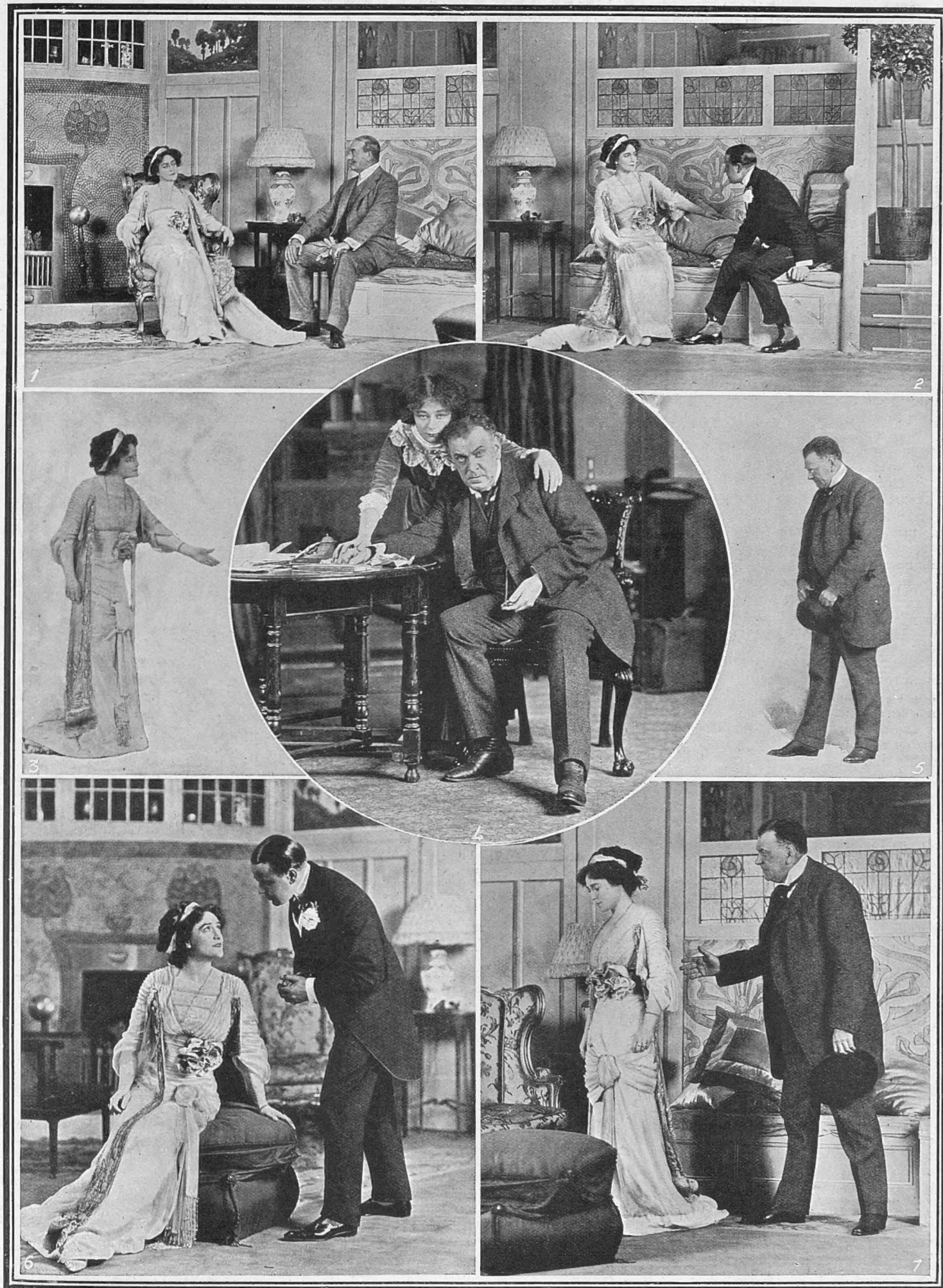
THE HEROINE IN THE AMERICAN DRAMA AT THE ADELPHI: MISS EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON AS RUTH JORDAN IN "THE GREAT DIVIDE."

In Mr. William Vaughn Moody's play, "The Great Divide," famous in America, and produced last week at the Adelphi, Miss Edith Wynne Matthison plays the intractable heroine, who is married by capture to an Arizona desperado, civilises him, leaves him, and eventually loves him.

Photograph by Sarony.

MAKING THE GENTLEMAN MARS THE MAN.

MR. SUTRO'S NEW PIECE AT THE GARRICK.



1. THE BARONESS VON RITZEN (MISS ETHEL IRVING) SNUBS LORD PARKHURST (MR. EDMUND MAURICE).

2. THE BARONESS REFUSES ARCHIBALD CAREY'S OFFER OF MARRIAGE UNLESS HIS FATHER WILL GIVE HIS CONSENT.

3. THE BARONESS VON RITZEN.

4. SAM CAREY (MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER) DECIDES TO TAKE MILY CHAMBERS (MISS ATHENE SEYLER) WITH HIM TO CANADA AS HIS ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

5. SAM CAREY.

6. ARCHIBALD CAREY DISCOVERS THAT HE PREFERS THE BARONESS' HEART TO HER PURSE.

7. SAM CAREY REFUSES HIS CONSENT TO THE MARRIAGE OF HIS SON WITH THE BARONESS ON THE SCORE OF HER PAST.

Mr. Sutro, in "Making a Gentleman," has again laid the whip over the shoulders of modern society. Sam Carey has made a fortune out of pickles, and, at the cost of many of his own comforts, brought up his son and daughter in a higher station of life than that to which he has been accustomed. To his son he gives the usual Public School and University education; his daughter he marries into the aristocracy.—

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

[Continued overleaf]

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS



THE HON. PATRICIA HERBERT,
GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE EARL
OF PEMBROKE.

The Hon. Patricia Herbert is not only the daughter of a hundred earls, but she is godchild, as her name implies, to a royal princess. Her father, Lord Herbert, is Lord Pembroke's eldest son, and her mother is one of Lord Anglesey's two pretty sisters.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



DORIS, DAUGHTER OF THE RT.
HON. LEWIS HARCOURT, M.P.

Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt is not only regarded as the coming twentieth-century statesman, but as the most fortunate of fathers. His little daughters are fascinating children, and bear a quaint resemblance to his own famous sire, the late Sir William.

From a Miniature by Miss Winifred Hope Thomson.



LADY GEORGE SCOTT, HALF-
SISTER OF THE DUKE OF
RUTLAND.

Pictured while she was still Lady Elizabeth Manners, the youngest daughter of the late Duke of Rutland is now the wife of Lord George Scott, and daughter-in-law of the Duke of Buccleuch.

From a Miniature by Miss Winifred Hope Thomson.

while it was anchored near Christiania. Nansen knows quite enough about Polar travelling to have decided views about the Cook-Pearry dispute, and quite enough English to convey them to her Majesty. "Damfino" is a dubious expression he may be acquainted with, but has not used of the present situation. Apropos of

THE proposed visit of the King and Queen to the Duke and Duchess of Westminster at Eaton Hall in December has been forecast as "private."

Not so all Westminster parties. It was at Grosvenor House long ago that a protest was made against the uninvited guest. Nobody knew him; not even the detectives, who are present on the occasions of very great assemblies, and the Duke of Westminster and the Duke of Sutherland went up to him and escorted him to the door, they being less lenient than the Lady Palmerston at whose famous parties "unknowns" were often in attendance—"and I hope they enjoy themselves," said she. That attitude is the wisest as well as the kindest. A story has lately been told of a hostess who, taking the matter into her own hands, went up to a man of whom she had not the slightest remembrance. "Will you please tell me who you are? Castles, do you say? I know nobody of that name, and must ask you to leave my house at once," said she. He did, and the next morning the distracted hostess had returned to her her invitation-card, with, upon it, "The Earl of Cassillis" in her own handwriting.

*Cooking
his
Accounts.*

Many people have envied Queen Alexandra one of her guests onboard her yacht



MRS. RALPH PETO (FORMERLY
MISS RUBY LINDSAY.)

Mrs. Ralph Peto is still thought of by her old name of Miss Ruby Lindsay. Her eighteenth-century type of beauty lends itself to the art of the miniaturist. She has also been constantly drawn by her aunt, the Duchess of Rutland.

From Miniatures by Miss Winifred Hope Thomson.



WINNER OF THE KING'S PRIZE FOR
LADY GOLFERS AT MARIENBAD:
MRS. HALL WALKER.

Mrs. Hall Walker, who for the second time was fortunate enough, or perhaps one ought to say skilful enough, to win the King's prize in the Ladies' Competition at the Marienbad Golf Club, is a noted racing hostess. His Majesty's golf prize this year consisted of an exquisite watch enamelled in translucent sapphire blue; it is the more valued by its lucky owner because the King presented it to her in person.

Photograph by Lafayette.



LADY MARJORIE MANNERS,
ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE
DUKE OF RUTLAND.

The pretty and clever daughter of the Duke of Rutland has sat to many great artists, but of the portraits done of her in earliest girlhood none exceeds in charm this miniature by Miss Winifred Hope Thomson.

From Miniatures by Miss Winifred Hope Thomson.

expressions, it may be suggested that future generations of children may well have a wrong notion of the derivation of the phrase "Cooking his accounts." But that is sup-

posing that all the nasty things said about Dr. Cook are proved—which, candidly, at present they are not.

The Lost Legion.

On many historic occasions have medals been lost, and Garters strayed; but of all decorations the most elusive is the rosette of the Legion of Honour. Let Mr. Harry Seward and Mr. Denis de Villiers have a care for their button-holes, now that they are licensed to wear their French orders. When Whistler set foot in France he would search his pockets for his rosette, but never find it; and when he stepped into a shop, explaining his loss, to buy another, the shopman would forgivingly say: "All right, Monsieur, here is the rosette; but I have heard that story before."

By Ott! The "Others," as the water-patients of the medicine-man of Marienbad are called, are returning to town in blooming health. But Dr. Ott has had an easy season; he cannot be consoled with while he has such flourishing patients as the King and Slatin Pasha, and,

besides, the English waters have been flowing to good purpose this year. Lord Alverstone, looking more like a model bishop than ever, has been frequenting the Pump Room at Woodhall Spa, where Lord Robert Brudenell-Bruce, Lord Suffield, and Sir Charles Knox have also been observed industriously drinking their own healths. Harrogate has had Lord and Lady Listowel and Lady Clonmell among its visitors.



THE HON. SIDNEY HERBERT, ELDEST
SON OF LORD HERBERT.

Among heirs to a great peerage special interest attaches to Lord Pembroke's grandson, for he bears one of the most honoured names in history, his great-grandfather having been the Minister to whom the country owed the magnificent labours of Miss Florence Nightingale.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



MISS RENÉE DU CROS, DAUGHTER
OF MR. ARTHUR DU CROS, M.P.

Miss Du Cros is a daughter of the famous house which has done so much to "make the wheels go round." Mr. W. H. Du Cros and his son, Mr. A. P. Du Cros, M.P., are both ardently devoted to all motoring matters.

From a Miniature by Miss Winifred Hope Thomson.



WIFE OF A FUTURE BARONET:
MRS. WINNINGTON.

Mrs. Winnington is the wife of Mr. Francis Salway Winnington, eldest son and heir of Sir Francis Salway Winnington, 5th Baronet. Before her marriage, which took place in 1904, she was Miss Blanche Casberd-Boteler.

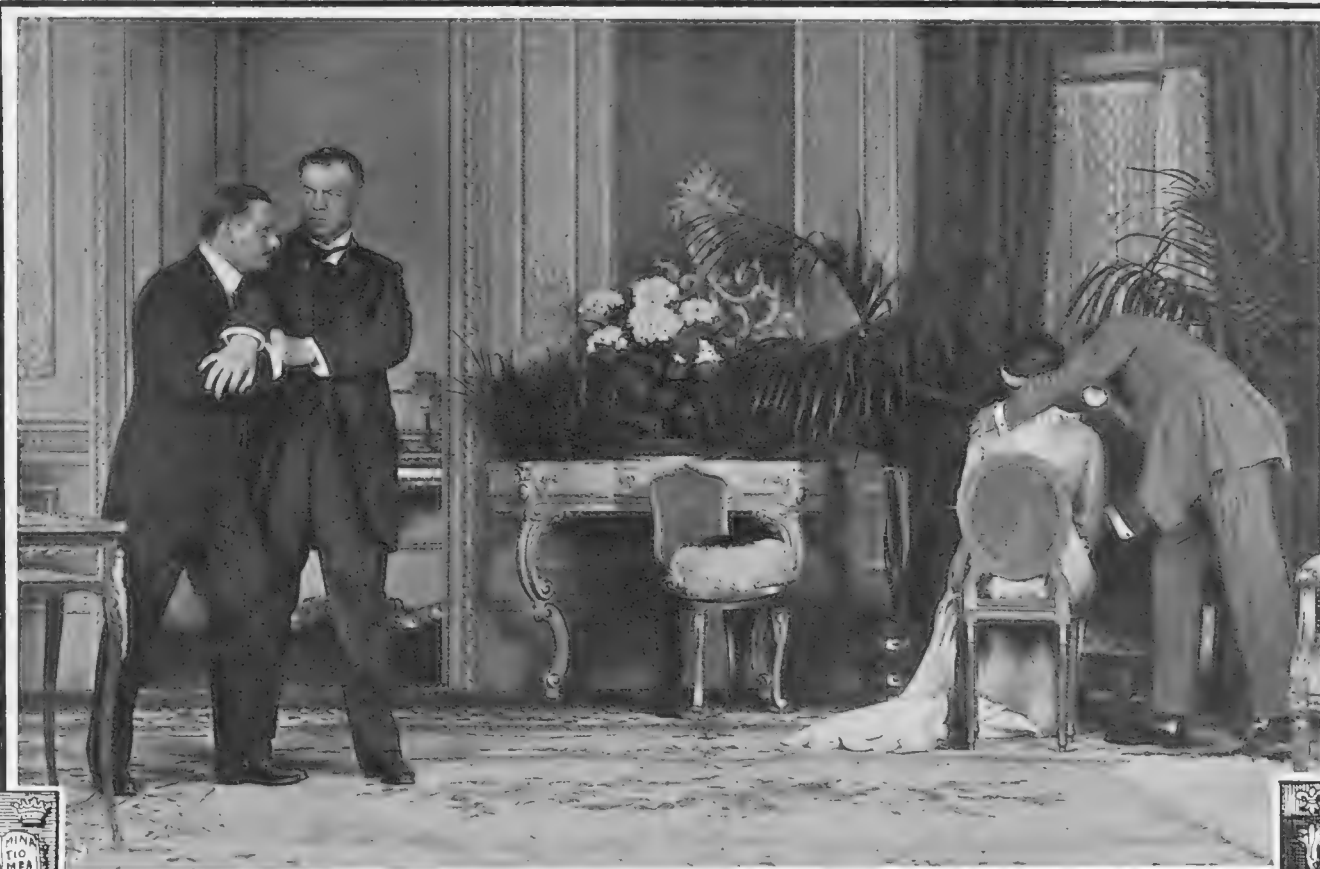
From a Miniature by Miss Winifred Hope Thomson.

A ROD IN PICKLE FOR THE UPPER TEN.

"MAKING A GENTLEMAN" AT THE GARRICK.



THE TYPICAL GOLF BORE: THE HON. LIONEL TRENNING (MR. A. E. BENEDICT) SHOWS HIS FATHER, LORD PARKHURST (MR. EDMUND MAURICE), AND HIS WIFE (MISS MURIEL BEAUMONT) HOW HE GOT OUT OF THE ROUGH WITH HIS BRASSEY, USING A POKER AS A CLUB AND A PIECE OF COAL AS THE BALL.



THE TYPICAL HARMLESS KISS—OF ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE: THE HON. LIONEL TRENNING DISCOVERS GEOFFREY CARLEON (MR. BERTRAM FORSYTH) KISSING HIS WIFE.

Continued.]

—He is surprised to find that his son has become a witty idler, and his daughter a callous wife and mother. He loses his money, with the result that his daughter, on whom, before he lost his fortune, he had settled £1000 and a house in Norfolk Street, is not vastly upset by the poverty of her father, and his son, whom he asks to return to Canada to start business with him, prefers a marriage with the charming Baroness, whose income is £20,000 a year. Her past, however, is such that Sam Carey, with his strict principles, cannot bring himself to give his consent, which the Baroness—whose present, at any rate, is beyond reproach—makes the condition of her acceptance. In the end poor Sam Carey is induced to give way, and is left by his family to sail for Canada, to start the pickling business over again, the only soul willing to accompany him being the child of an old clerk, whom he had always treated as a daughter.

Photographs by Ellis and Watery.



THE CLUBMAN

The Aero-
plane Club
Dinner.

I believe, one of the youngest of the clubs. Captain Windham, its first president and its founder, told us at the club's dinner last week that it already has nearly twelve hundred members, and if it can continue to bring together as interesting celebrities as were its guests last Wednesday, many men will join it solely for the sake of hearing distinguished persons talk on interesting subjects. The principal guest of the evening was M. Blériot, and the reason for the coming together of the members of the club and their guests was to see the presentation made of the gold cup which Captain Windham had offered to give to the man who would fly over the Channel, or most nearly accomplish that feat, within the year. The Lord Mayor, wearing his jewel of office, was in the seat of honour in the Great Hall of the Hotel Cecil; the Sheriffs were present also, and amidst the five hundred guests who sat down to dinner were many men distinguished in many walks of life; but the men to whom the eyes of the guests turned when they had looked well at M. Blériot, the quiet, nervous man with a dark moustache, his eyes shining through his glasses, were two other men who have done great things—Lieutenant Shackleton and Mr. Cody, who is the man who is likely to enable England to make up the time she lost in allowing the French and the Americans to take a lead in the invention of the ships of the air.

The Lord Mayor speaks very well. I have seen, but not heard, some Lord Mayors whose voices would not even travel across the high table in the Egyptian Hall, much less fill a room so difficult to speak in as the Great Hall of the Cecil; but Sir George Truscott speaks with great clearness and ease, never pausing to interject the unnecessary "er" which is the bane of British oratory. He made his speech to M. Blériot in English, but he broke into French when he raised the great gilt cup with a tiny aeroplane as the handle to the lid, and presented it to the hero of the evening. M. Blériot read his reply in French, a wave of the hand towards the close being the only gesture he permitted himself.



HOPPING ON STILTS: A RISE IN THE PROSPECTS OF AGRICULTURE.

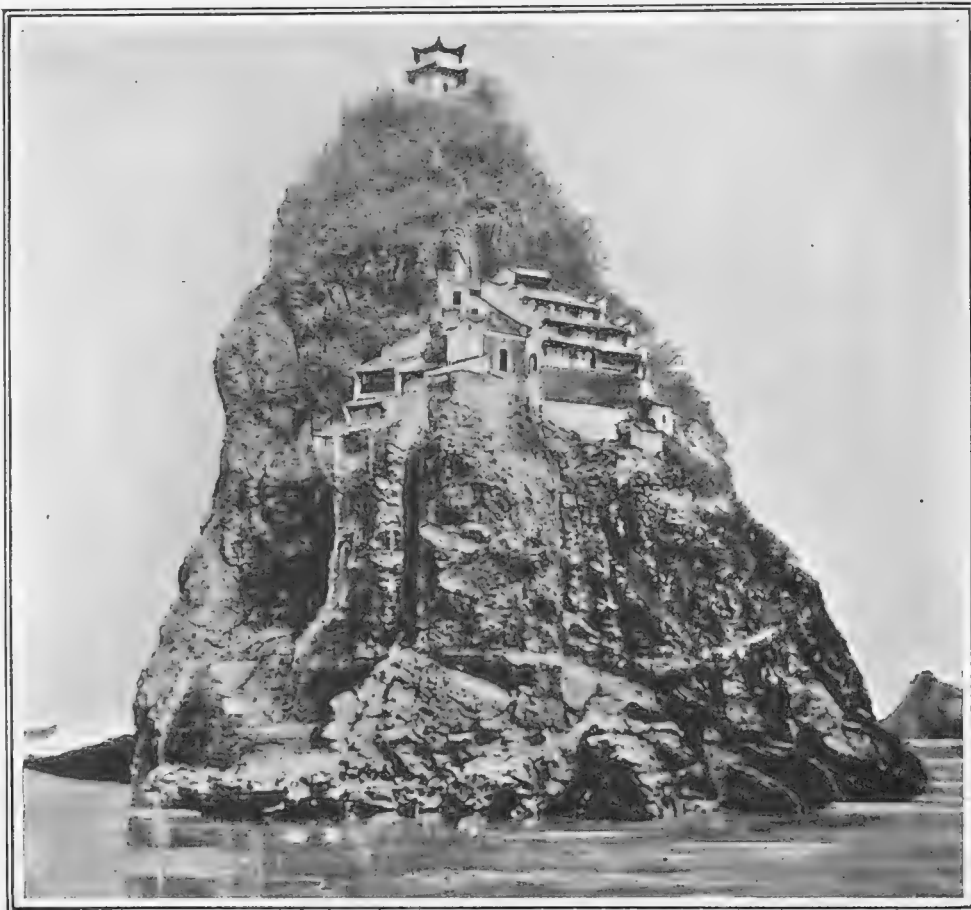
This is not an open-air rehearsal by pantomime giants or a new way of reaching the Pole. Our photograph merely represents some worthy hop-growers of Kent fixing wire on their hop-poles for the hops to climb on. In these days of agricultural depression it is cheering to find men of the soil who can rise above the circumstances in which they are placed and take a lofty view of their surroundings.—(Photograph by Topical.)

Lieutenant Shackleton told us that he was sure that Captain Scott would reach the South Pole. Mr. Cody did not speak, but one side of his face, covered with plaster to hide a wound, told that he had been at work.

The Dearth of
Aeroplanes.

At the present moment there is an unlimited demand for aviators who can fly. In all the Continental countries, and in England also, "Aviation Weeks" are announced, but the organisers of them find it very difficult to secure aviators with machines which will move off the ground. The engine of the machine is the difficulty in the matter. It is a very easy matter to make the frame of a flying-machine; but to secure an engine which will drive it satisfactorily is quite another question. The situation is much as it was when motor-cars first became desirable possessions, when the supply did not equal the demand, and men paid large bonuses to obtain delivery under a year. A year ago no one, not even the aviators, had any idea which types of engines would prove the most reliable, and now that two or three have proved their superiority over all others, the manufacturers of those engines cannot turn them out fast enough to meet the demand. In France, in particular, there are hundreds of airship garages, each built near a satisfactory flying-ground, each with a monoplane or a biplane in it, and most of them without an engine. An anxious aeronaut comes daily to each shed, looks at his canvas bird, and then goes to the telegraph-office to implore, by wire, the engineering works where he has placed an order to send him his engine.

K. of K's. A meeting of Mahara-jahs and Rajahs, and Zemindars, who are the landed gentry of India, and of British and native merchants, has been held at Calcutta, and it has been formally resolved that Lord Kitchener's command in India is to be kept green in the memory of men in the East by erecting his statue in bronze on the Maidan, which is the Hyde Park of Calcutta. He, as Commander-in-Chief, is eligible for a position near the Red Road.



A BIT STEEP FOR THE CONGREGATION: A CHINESE MONT ST. MICHEL, IN THE YANGTZE.

Orphan Island, which lies in the Yangtze River, 150 miles east of Hankow, reminds one at once of St. Michael's Mount and of Mont St. Michel. It is more like the latter both in shape and in the fact that there is a place of worship, in this case a Chinese temple, at the top. The dwellers on Orphan Island must find the path of virtue somewhat steep.

Photograph by L.E.A.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



FROM OLYMPUS OR PICCADILLY CIRCUS? MERCURY, THE FLYING GOD, GIVES A GRACEFUL DISPLAY
IN AVIATION.

One might almost suppose from this photograph that the god Mercury had left the heights of Olympus and descended once more to earth by the aid of his winged sandals, or else that the well-known statue in Piccadilly Circus had become suddenly imbued with a desire to aviate, and had soared away from his pedestal on a voyage of discovery. As a matter of fact, however, the explanation of this strange phenomenon is quite simple. It is merely Signor Vincenzo Macchini, an Italian trick-diver, got up as Mercury, performing an artistic descent into the yellow Tiber.—[Photograph supplied by V. Macchini.]



MRS. A. H. DU BOULAY (FORMERLY MISS BLANCHE HORNUNG) WHO MARRIED CAPTAIN A. H. DU BOULAY YESTERDAY.

Mrs. Du Boulay, who was married yesterday to Captain A. H. Du Boulay, of the Royal Engineers, is the younger daughter of Mr. J. T. Hornung, of Horsham.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

Gower, and the father of eleven children. He had himself been a member of a very densely populated nursery, for he had twelve brothers and sisters. In those days the Grosvenors kept their toys in the capacious cupboards of Cliveden, and, however carefully Cliveden is kept by the Astors, it is an ambition of many Grosvenors, as it will probably be of the clan of Clarke, to reinhabit that most lovely of houses.

Winning Your "Blue." Once upon a time Bloudin was the bogey-man: he had a way of issuing invitations to a seat on his back while he crossed on his tight-rope, say, over Niagara. Now the aviator awaits passengers, and he is not so easily refused. There were many reasons why King Edward, then Prince of Wales, should say nay to Blondin; but you do not lose your dignity in losing your footing beside Mr. Curtiss or Mr. Wright; and several Princes have already set a high example as flying "fares." We know that



A WELL-KNOWN HOSTESS OF ROYALTY, MRS. DAVID BEATTY.

Mrs. David Beatty is a favourite hostess of royalty on Deeside. Her husband, Captain David Beatty, is Aide-de-Camp to the King, and they are the lessees of Invercauld. Mrs. Beatty is a daughter of Mr. Marshall Field, of Chicago, and she is the happy owner of some of the most precious stones in the kingdom, which attracted burglars some time ago.—[Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.]

SMALL TALK

MISS Millicent. Constance Grosvenor, whose engagement to Mr. William Molyneux Clarke is announced, is the charming young daughter of Lord Henry Grosvenor, and he is the son of "little Henry Lupus," as Queen Victoria called the boy who afterwards came to be the husband of her most intimate friend, Constance Leveson-

active service—was one of the youngest spirits in the University. Oxford and Cambridge have contributed, of course, to many alien armies, and at the outbreak of the Boer War it was well understood what was meant by the packing-up and departure, on the friendliest terms, of certain South African students. That they actively sided with their country in the ensuing



CAPTAIN A. H. DU BOULAY, ROYAL ENGINEERS, WHO MARRIED MISS BLANCHE HORNUNG YESTERDAY. Captain A. H. Du Boulay, whose pretty sister, Miss Dorothy Du Boulay, married Captain Hodson, R.E., last spring, himself became a Benedick yesterday. The Du Boulay family are well known at Cheltenham, Colonel and Mrs. Du Boulay having a very pretty place there called Marchmont.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



ENGAGED TO MR. W. MOLYNEUX CLARKE: MISS MILLICENT GROSVENOR, SISTER OF LADY DALMENY.

Miss Millicent Grosvenor, whose engagement to Mr. W. Molyneux Clarke follows shortly after the marriage of her younger sister to Lord Dalmeny, is very pretty and popular. She shares the enthusiasm of her father—Lord Henry Grosvenor—for field sports, and is a fine horsewoman.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

Alfonso would have been aloft but for his Queen; that Germany has already given a Crown Prince to the blue; and that Saxony, greatly soaring, has risked a King. With what interest must Mr. Haldane await the day when Colonel Cody offers a seat to the Minister of War. Mr. Taft has already proclaimed himself exempt. "I am so much heavier than air, you see," he explained to a flying friend.

The Cam and the Campaign. News comes that the Marquis de Val-lecerato handles his squad in the Riff Campaign like a veteran. Apart from such handling, there is nothing very ancient about the Marquis, who at Cambridge—which he left to volunteer—as a non-commissioned officer for

could be brought home as they tired of the solitude and rigours of the climate, and be replaced by others. Many branches of scientific research that need constant and systematic study could be carried out at this permanent base. Captain Scott is inclined to the opinion that there is land from the place where his ship the *Discovery* became embedded in the ice right away to the Pole itself, so that, should this prove to be correct, it would be a matter of comparative ease to reach the Pole. It is part of Captain Scott's plan to set up depôts for the storage of provisions; etc., at comparatively short distances apart, so that the risk of the party making a final dash to the Pole dying of starvation would be reduced to a minimum.

strife did not mean that they broke the ties of English interests; and an English officer still remembers his surprise when the first question that was called to him, on the occasion of his coming into parleying distance with the enemy, was, "Who won the Boat-Race?" "We did," replied the officer, off his guard, thinking for a moment that the enemy must represent the University that was not his own.

Captain Scott and the Pole. Shortly after he returned from his last expedition to the South Pole, Captain Scott was good enough to indicate to the present writer the manner in which he thought the Pole would ultimately be reached, and it is to be presumed that he will follow this plan upon his forthcoming expedition. What is really wanted, in Captain Scott's opinion, is the establishment of a permanent depôt at some spot as far south as possible, to which relief expeditions can be sent, if necessary, every couple of years or so. By the adoption of this plan, men



WIFE OF THE FAMOUS EXPLORER, MRS. R. F. SCOTT, WHO HAS GIVEN BIRTH TO A SON.

The famous explorer who will lead the British South Pole Expedition next year became last week the proud father of a son and heir. Mrs. R. F. Scott is in her own way as distinguished as her husband, for she is an admirable artist, and carved out a considerable career for herself before she became the wife of one of the great heroes of Polar exploration.—[Photograph by P.P.A.]

WITH ALL THEIR PRICKLES OUT: THE DANGER OF THE HAT-PIN.



ILLOGICAL WOMAN! WHILE THE HATS DECREASE, THE PINS INCREASE IN SIZE.

The question of the deadly hat-pin has been much discussed of late, and various suggestions have been made for the protection of the defenceless male against it. The energetic Prefect of Police in Paris, M. Lépine, has started a crusade against these pointed horrors, which has set the inventors to work devising various forms of "cache-pointe" to rob them of their sting.



AFTER DINNER

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

A Just Judge.

Had we an English D'Artagnan there might have been truth in the rumour that a British ship was to bring off the King of Greece from the troubles which beset him in his capital. Dumas' hero would simply have waltzed in and carried the King away willy-nilly. And that Marquess of Sligo, who a century ago was a fiery youngster might have done the same thing. He wanted to go a-privateering, and a-privateering he went in his own trim brig, the *Pylades*; and he took forty men of the Navy with him. There the trouble began. He caused these men to desert their ships for his, on terms so handsome that they forfeited the three years' wages due to them from the Government. In time he tired, came home, was tried, and fined £5000 and sentenced to four months' imprisonment. The funny thing was that the Judge who sentenced him was courting the distinguished prisoner's mother at the time. That Judge, Lord Stowell, eldest brother of the first Lord Eldon, became the second husband of the Dowager Marchioness of Sligo, soon after the trial which sent the heir to Newgate.

The Locke Case.

The attempt to establish the legitimacy of a descendant of the Lords of the Isles serves to remind us once more that the histories of our distinguished families contain romance enough for all the novelists. Here there is no claim to property, so all must be well. It was different in a startling case which roused all Ireland some years ago—the case of the Locke family, of Athgoe Park, County Dublin, a family dating back to the time of Strongbow. Peter Warren Locke married, late in life, Margaret, sister of the Sir Thomas Esmonde of his day. There was no issue of the marriage, but Locke was the father of a natural son and daughter, of whom the daughter outlived him. A will was produced in favour of the daughter, but the Court rejected it, and granted administration, as in a case of intestacy, to the dead man's three sisters. Between these were divided a valuable landed estate and considerable wealth. One of the beneficiaries had two sons, of whom one, a briefless barrister, Redmond O'Carroll, was appointed agent to the estate. The natural daughter received a settlement, out of charity.

The Unexpected.

A revolution came from an unexpected quarter. A tenant did not pay his rent, and some legal point arising, it was necessary to look up his lease. It could not be found, so a chest of mouldering documents was handed over to Redmond O'Carroll that he might seek for the missing paper among the long-expired leases. None but himself saw the contents of the chest. Among the documents he found a will. It was the will of the dead man, and left all his property and estates to his natural son, and in the event of the demise of that son it gave everything to the natural daughter. Now, in melodrama or novel Redmond

O'Carroll would have destroyed or concealed the will. This being the real life of an Irish gentleman, he did not. He took the will to Sir Michael O'Loughlen, found that it was valid, and himself conveyed it to the rightful heiress. It cost him his situation as agent: it robbed his mother and aunts of their property. He died soon after in penury, broken-hearted. The lucky beneficiary married a rascally lawyer, who squandered her fortune, and she predeceased the widow of her chivalrous benefactor, who reigned long and lustily as matron of Grangegorman Prison, Dublin.

A Terrible Clue.

They are boasting about the French detectives' following up a clue which consisted of only a button; our police have done the same thing with just fifty per cent. of a similar clue. They hanged a man on half a button. But the most terrible of all clues occurs in a story which the late Sir George Grove recorded. A beautiful English lady had had two husbands, and married as her third a man whose curiosity was piqued at their suspicious and sudden ends. They loved each other, but one day, noticing her extreme horror at an intoxicated man, a thought struck him. That night he feigned inebriety, and found that it enraged her. He repeated the trick on a subsequent occasion. This time, at dead of night, his wife crept softly from bed and noiselessly procured a phial. He was just in time to stay her hand as she was about to pour something deadly into his ear. He had found the clue for which he had married. He then collected the evidence as to the deaths of the former husbands, and that hanged her.

The Poet's Dream.

While we are thinking of Tennyson, whose centenary is celebrated to-day at Lincoln Cathedral, Americans are worrying up ideas for a pageant in honour of aesthetics, first practised in their own happy land. There is a slight link between the dead Laureate and anaesthetics. Tennyson was one of the first Englishmen to submit himself to the pain-annulling drug. While on tramp in Scotland he sustained

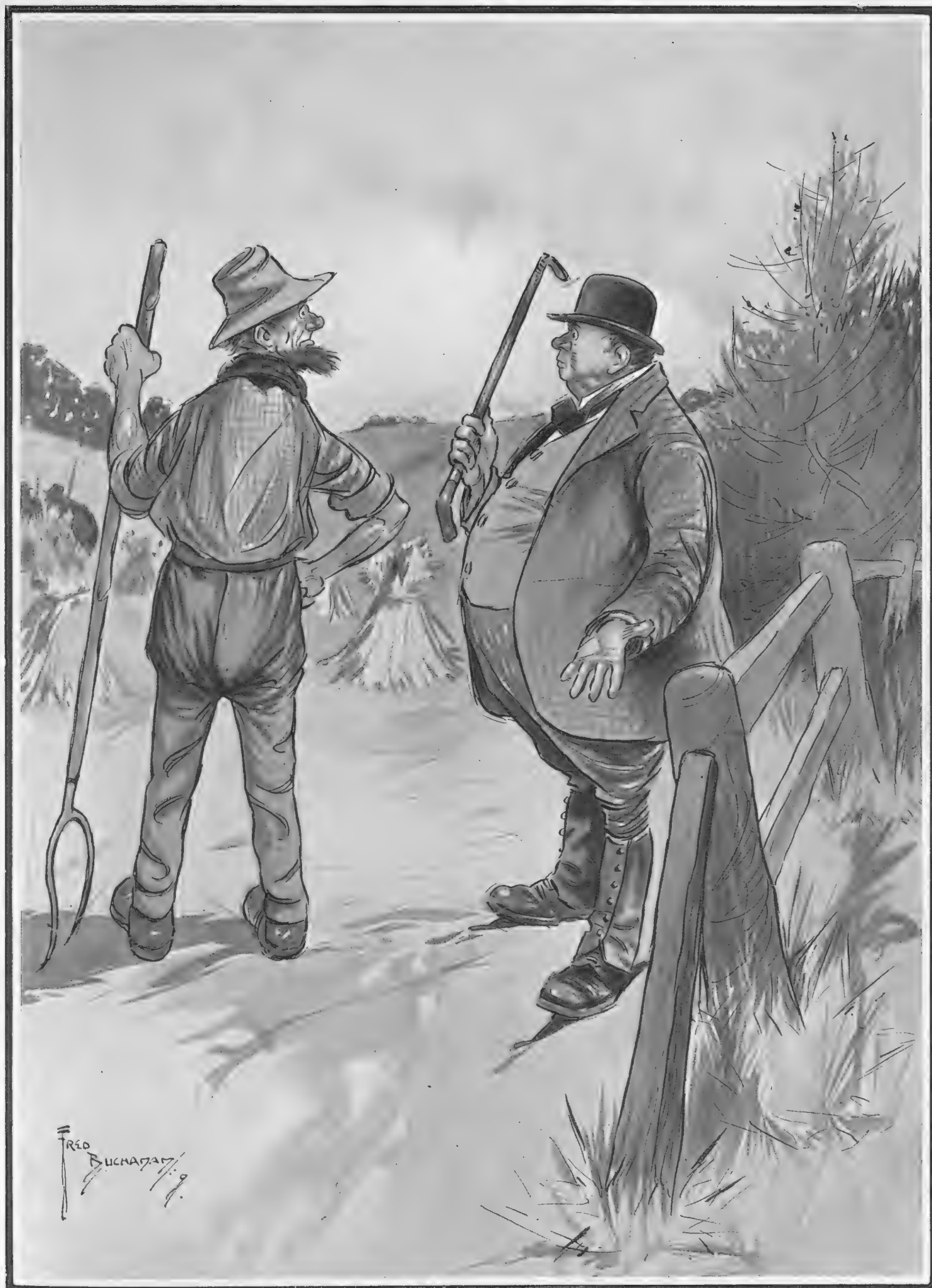
an injury to his foot, and was persuaded to try chloroform for the necessary operation. He did, and, with a poet's fancy, forgot all about the absence of pain and the wonder of the thing which caused that absence. The thing that fascinated him was a trip to dreamland, which he had taken while unconscious. Years and years before he had once, and once only, visited a certain Gliddon's cigar divan, which had since gone the way of other unprosperous cigar divans. But under chloroform he had mentally taken the operating-surgeon there, and came to, fancying that they were still there puffing their more or less acceptable weeds. "But how the deuce do you think I am going to walk back barefoot through the streets?" he was roaring in stentorian voice, as, with returning consciousness, he was regarding his bared and bleeding foot.



A SWALLOW AND A SOMERSAULT AND A HALF: A DARING COMBINATION DIVE FROM THE SADDLE ROCK, TORBAY, WHICH IS FIFTY FEET HIGH.

To get the effect produced the divers leave the rock in rapid succession. The top being only one foot wide by three feet long there is no room for two to stand abreast, and so, directly the first man goes, the second leaps to the edge and springs off after him, with sufficient impetus to make the turns and clear the rocks below. The second man is doing a "one-and-a-half forward" somersault—that is, he turns round one and a half times and comes down head first. The leading diver is Mr. B. T. Verry, of the Otter Swimming Club; the second is Mr. F. G. Collings, of the Torquay Leander Club, one of the most daring trick-divers in the country, who represented the United Kingdom last year in the High Diving Competition at the White City Stadium.—[Photograph by W. Bromley Davenport, per L.E.A.]

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.



THE FARMER: Look here, Jim, you must get the chaps to hurry up. 'Ere's Monday mornin'—an' to-morrow's Tuesday, an' the next day's Wednesday—half the week gone, and we ain't got the first load in yet.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



Lines Not in Her Part—Those Between Two Trains.

ing the leading part, will not be tempted to live far from town. The reason is based on an exciting incident which happened when

During the run of "The Brass Bottle," at the Vaudeville, no matter how alluring the country, one thing is pretty nearly certain—namely, that Miss Viva Birkett, who is playing the ingénue part, Helen Plugenet, in "The Hypocrites," which had a successful run of over six months in New York. While in that city she and her mother discovered a delightful old farmhouse situated among the hills overlooking the Hudson, about an hour and a half's run from New York. They used to go there early on Sunday morning and remain until time to return to the theatre on Monday evening. One trip, however, put a stop to those delightful excursions. One afternoon during the winter they had sleighed down the steep hill from the farm to the station, boarded the train, and all had gone well until they got to within half a mile of their destination at 123rd Street Station, when



THE NEW CORDELIA: MISS ELLEN O'MALLEY AS THE MAD KING'S DAUGHTER.

Miss Ellen O'Malley, who plays Cordelia in Mr. Herbert Trench's courageous production of Shakespeare's difficult tragedy, "King Lear," is very winsome to behold, and her interpretation of the part is marked by a pathetic gentleness which is all her own.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

the train was unexpectedly held up. Some new lines were being laid for electric traction, and something had evidently gone wrong. Fearing they would be late for the performance, Miss Birkett and her mother took their courage and their bags in their hands, and literally dropped off the train to try and make their way on foot to the station. It was quite dark, and the line was covered with snow. The ladies were warned to keep to the track on which the train was travelling. They had hardly started when an express to Chicago thundered by on the down line, causing not only the earth but the two travellers to tremble violently. As they went on they had to keep a good look out to see that the train they had just left did not start and run them down. Somewhat breathless, they had gone about a quarter of a mile when, to their horror, they saw the train on which they had been travelling slowly moving down on them, and, at the same time, another express hurtling towards them on the other line. They might well have been forgiven had they believed they were lost, for death appeared to be bearing upon them from in front and behind. They stood stock still. Happily, however, the engine-driver, who had seen them start, had kept a look-out, and pulled up. They were taken on board the train in a somewhat dazed and nervous condition. The memory of that night, however, prevented them from returning to the old farm, and for the rest of the run of the play they did not go further afield than the wilds of Central Park.

A Ballad of Cockaigne.

Fresh from her triumphs in South Africa, Miss Ada Reeve has returned to London, but not to act there, for she is booked for a provincial tour in "Butterflies," the musical comedy in which she made so great a success at the Apollo Theatre, Once, when she was playing

in Australia, Miss Reeve had a dresser who developed the bump of inquisitiveness to an extreme degree. Question after question she put to the actress as she helped her to dress for the stage, and at last she inquired whether Miss Reeve was really English. "Yes," she replied, and the pride in her voice was distinctly noticeable; "I am a good old Cockney." A look of disapproval, not to say disdain, came into the woman's eyes. "Oh, yer are, are yer?" she exclaimed. "Well, yer needn't be so proud of it, anyway. I have met several people who came from Cockeney myself, and they was none of them any good!"

Threes Into One Won't Go.

This same dresser was an example of the familiar fact that people lacking in education so often mistake the sequence of a related story. She asked Miss Reeve to allow her to go to the performance at a suburban theatre. Miss Reeve consented and supplied her with the necessary tickets. The programme was made up of three one-act plays—"Two Christmas Eves," "The Captain's Not Amiss," and "Handy Andy." On returning to her duties in the evening Miss Reeve asked the woman how she had enjoyed herself, and what she had seen. "Oh," she replied, "as far as I could make out, soldier kills a man, blames somebody else, wife dresses up in husband's clothes, they shake hands and say 'Andy Andy,' and the curtain comes down." It was only later that Miss Reeve realised that the woman had taken the triple bill to be a three-act play.

Blood Out of a Stone.

excitement, not scrimmages, one whole skin. This latter fact was vividly brought home to Mr. Charles Rock, who plays Joe Kelly, the rascally book-maker, in "The Whip" at Drury Lane Theatre, on the night that very successful play was first presented to the public. In one scene, the crowd makes a rush to rescue the young jockey from the clutches of the detectives and the bookies, the latter of whom have laid against "The Whip," and tried to prevent him running. In the struggle, Joe Kelly gets badly mauled, and the audience, which rejoiced in his discomfiture, would have been still more loud in their approval could they have seen him at the end of the struggle, when the lights were all out, left prostrate in the centre of the stage, suffering from a real and very "bluggy" nose, to the intense disgust of the actor who played the part, and, with characteristic hardness, made little of the contretemps.

Struggles on the stage make exceedingly interesting and exciting episodes for the audience. To the actors, there is another element of altogether unalloyed with anxiety, for in these never knows whether he will escape with a



MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE IN THE PART OF SONIA, THE SECRETARY, IN "ARSÈNE LUPIN," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Miss Alexandra Carlisle has a trying part—that of the dishonest secretary—which does not give her much scope for her talent, but she acts with a sympathetic charm that makes even the unworthiness of Sonia seem quite excusable.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

DROPPED AT THE DOOR.



TAXI-DRIVER (*to fare*): You said thirty-eight, didn't you, Sir?

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE-WILSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

The Right Age for Melancholy. How old is Mr. Maurice Baring? I have not my faithful "Who's Who" with me in the country—it is become somewhat bulky for the

waistcoat-pocket these last few years—but I seem to remember him as "going" for a pretty long time. Probably, like most of the clever young men one hears of, he is about forty. In that case I am sorry for him. If he were twenty, or even twenty-five, I should be glad for him. I do not say this with general reference to youth and middle-age: there is much to be said for both ages, and for my part, I think that, in spite of buoyant hopes and all that, I was rather more miserable at twenty-five. And I do not say it—I hope he has not thought so for a moment—with reference to his literary gifts, which do him credit, whatever his age: he has a charming manner, and makes his points with skill and elegance. I refer to the evident bent of his mind to melancholy. He seems to see naturally a sad conclusion to most things. "Fruits fail, and love dies, and time ranges"—that is the burden of most of his charming imaginings. Melancholy is upon them. Now that is quite an agreeable state of mind when one is twenty—or even twenty-five. One luxuriates in melancholy then. It is not real to one. It is simply a pretty effect of shade in a landscape—another form of light. But at forty it is otherwise. "Wait till you come to forty year!" By then fruits *have* failed and love *has* died—more or less often—and melancholy, if we have it, is only too real. If then we muse over unhappy, imaginary happenings and invent sad conclusions, we are apt to muse also on sadnesses in our own lives. So I hope for his sake that Mr. Maurice Baring is twenty-five—but I doubt he is forty.

Mr. Maurice Baring's New Book. As for his collection of stories and sketches, "Orpheus in Mayfair"

(Mills and Boon), I have praised it already, but I cannot say I have nothing but praise for it. Mr. Baring is sometimes much too easy with himself. One little mistake almost irritated me. "... a curious inn called 'The Green Tower.' Why it is called thus nobody knows. This inn must in days gone by have been the dwelling of some well-to-do squire, but nothing now remains of its former prosperity, except the square grey tower, partially covered with ivy, from which it takes its name." But in that case, good heavens, everybody *did* know why it was called thus. An unimportant, mechanical mistake, you may say, unworthy of notice by a profound critic: yes, but it is the sort of mistake, all the same, which an artist would not make unless he were writing in a frantic hurry, and the things Mr. Baring writes ought not to be written in a frantic hurry. Some of the sketches, too, are a little thin: I am the last person to object to their

being slight, but they should not be transparent. Having said this, I make him my compliment again. Some of the sad little stories are exquisite—"Fête Galante," for example, where they hanged a poor real Pierrot in mistake for a masquerading one who was seen making love to the Queen, since the real Pierrot, her humble lover too, knew that was best for her. And there is a little satire in the book, "A Luncheon Party," which is the best little satire I have read for a long time. Satan tells an aspiring hostess that he will send (in return for her soul) a

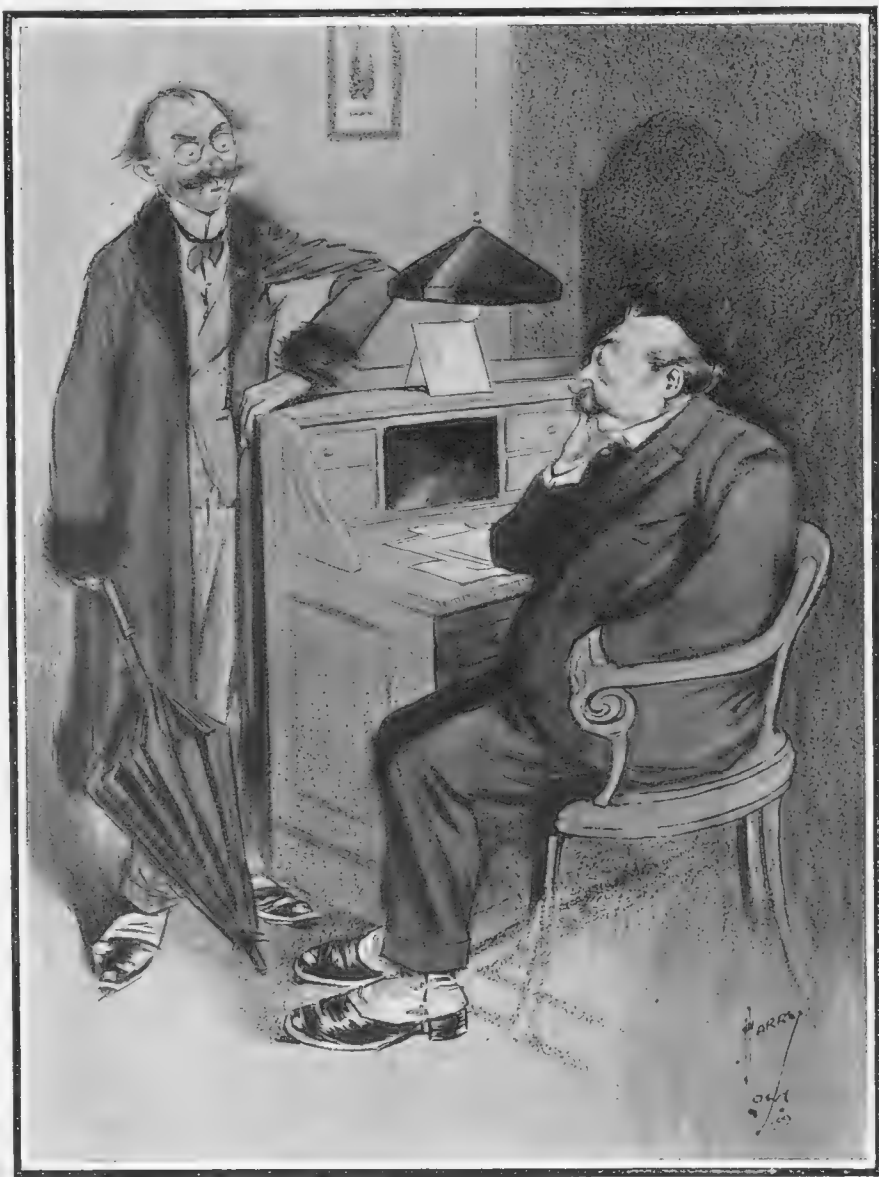
guest to eclipse all others. His list of suggested names is full of delightful fun. "Borgia, A., Pope; Ditto, C., toxicologist . . . Lucullus, glut-ton; Simeon Stylites, eccentric; Casanova, loose liver; Casabianca, cabin-boy; Juan, D., lover; Froissart, war correspondent; Julian, apostate"—the last is a triumph. They fix on Shakespeare, and then comes the luncheon; but I mustn't spoil your enjoyment. It is capital satire, a little severe on some real people; but I fear I cannot join those delicate critics who object to that: satire is satire.

And his Private School. By the way, one might

be inclined, if one did not know better, to think Mr. Baring was very young—or very old—from the vividness with which he evidently remembers his private-school days. Two little sketches give the atmosphere with great effect. The atmosphere, that is to say, of *his* private school, unless I am much mistaken, but by no means of mine. Once more I am sorry for Mr. Baring. At one's private school, before one goes to the more stereotyped and selfish atmosphere of a public school, one is, perhaps, more impressionable, there is more romance and sweet dreaming, than at any other time in one's life. I look back on mine with great affection—far more than I have for my public

school. Perhaps I do not remember it so accurately: it is a dreadful long time ago, and yet I am not old enough for one's childhood to start vividly to life again. I do remember, however, that there I was not circumscribed and depressed by a rigid code and standard of conduct to the extent I was as an older boy, that I was not being always hustled out of my dreams, and that I was sorry to go away. But Mr. Baring's seems to have been a very different sort of place, where the whole school was lectured and punished because three children were inattentive to a cricket match, and where the head-master was a bully. We had none of that absurdly overdone reverence for cricket, and our head-master was a dear. Oh, of course Mr. Baring will say he did not mean any particular school, and I must beg his pardon. But then he shouldn't give the atmosphere with such vivid particularity.

N. O. I.



WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTOR: I sent in a few contributions to you a day or two ago, Sir, which I am sure would improve your paper. Have you carried out any of my ideas?

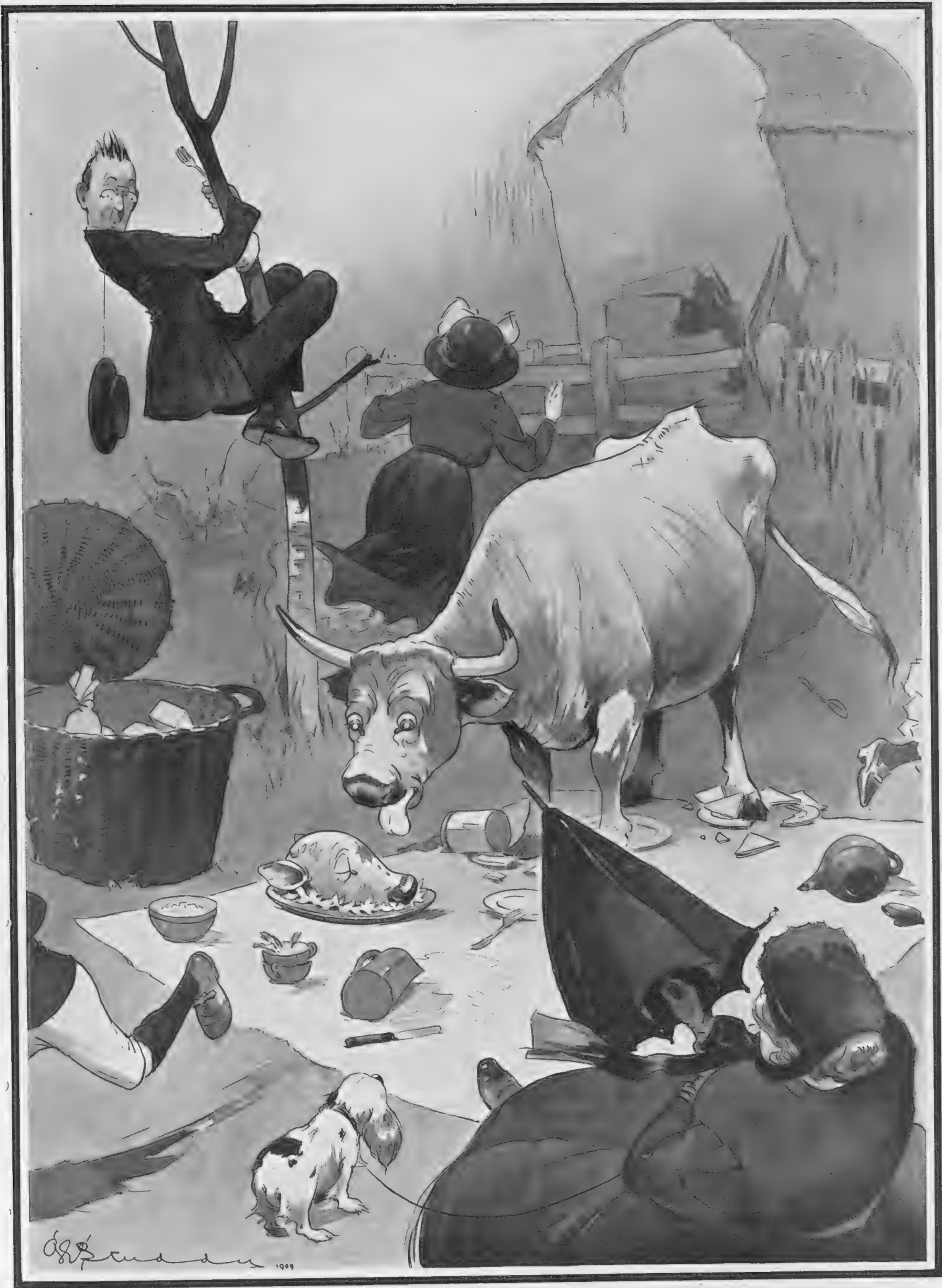
EDITOR: Did you happen to notice a red-headed office-boy with a waste-paper basket going downstairs?

CONTRIBUTOR: I did, Sir.

EDITOR: Well, he was busy carrying out your ideas.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.



THE RECOGNITION; OR, CALF LOVE.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE NUNKI EXPEDITION.

By STEPHEN GRACE.

"BELLINGHAM, O Bellingham, me lib for whisky palaver one time!" murmured King Lokomoko, as Lieutenant-Commander John Bellingham, of H.M.S. *Alligator*, entered the palace at Bumpupo.

Ever since a certain incident in which three decorated Top-Hats played a prominent part, the friendship between the naval officer and the dusky monarch had steadily increased. Having lately received an intimation that his promotion was a matter of considerable speculation, Bellingham seized the opportunity presented by his arrival off the capital of Osolumpe of consulting with his royal acquaintance on the matter.

"I lib for expedition palaver," he answered, as he sat down in the Madeira chair which was kept for his especial benefit.

"No sabbey?" said Lokomoko.

"I lib for bush-fight palaver," the visitor went on, and proceeded to detail the plans which had already formulated themselves in his active brain.

Lokomoko listened in silence, and even when Bellingham stopped he did not speak for some time.

"Whisky palaver no can lib, bush-fight palaver no can lib!" he announced at last.

Bellingham whistled, and John Sardinatin, the *Alligator's* head-krooman, appeared with a case of whisky. The King's eyes glistened, for his friend's offerings had previously been limited to single bottles.

"O Bellingham," he murmured fervently, "me dash you one plenty fine bush-fight!"

Bellingham's wishes presented no difficulty to the dusky monarch. Up the Bumpupo River was a factory called Nunki, between the owners of which and Lokomoko no love was lost, because they did not contribute towards his revenue. The preliminaries were quickly arranged, the captain of the *Alligator* returned to his ship and issued certain orders. At daylight next morning the gun-boat hove up her anchor. Bellingham's subordinates had long since ceased to be surprised by their captain's actions, nevertheless the navigator felt bound to enter a protest when he saw the ship being headed for the river mouth.

"Don't worry, my boy," said Bellingham gaily; "I am going to earn my promotion."

All day long the tiny man-of-war plugged against the oily, evil-smelling current; all day long her captain conned her from the sweltering bridge above the little deck-house on the poop. It was nearly sunset when the lazy crocodiles were frightened out of their wits by the splash of the *Alligator's* anchor and the rattle of her chain as she brought to opposite Messrs. Milligan and Fraser's factory at Nunki. The arrival of the gun-boat was observed with much surprise, but with little pleasure. Messrs. Milligan and Fraser were mysterious people, and their business was more mysterious than themselves, for they never sent home any cargo. Nunki really stood outside the boundaries of Osolumpe; in fact, it was on German territory, and not within the sphere of British influence at all. But to oblige his friend Bellingham, Lokomoko had temporarily altered his frontiers.

The traders did not extend a very hearty welcome to their visitor when he landed, but this Bellingham ignored.

"Hullo!" he cried, as he glanced round. "This does not look as if you were besieged by the Ju Ju men."

"What the deuce are you talking about, and what the deuce are you doing here, anyway?" growled Milligan surlily.

"I have come to give you the protection of the British flag, and by the holy poker, you are going to have it!" Bellingham replied gaily. He had already sized up the men with whom he had to deal, and quickly recognised that, for reasons of their own, they preferred his room to his company.

"We have got no use for your blankety protection up here," broke in Fraser. "Come, have a cocktail, and then paddle your old bugtrap down river again."

"You have not been attacked, then?" queried Bellingham, after a pause, which was occupied by the concocting and swallowing of the potent mixture known as "cocktail."

"Attacked? Who on earth would attack us?" gasped Fraser, in genuine astonishment.

"White man plenty fine chop! Sabbey?" said Bellingham, accompanying the remark with cannibal operations in pantomime.

"Rot!" snapped Milligan.

"Well, if you have not been, you are going to be," insisted the visitor; adding significantly, "And I am going to see it through."

"It is not any business of yours, anyway," said Milligan roughly.

"Pardon me, but it is very much my business," laughed our hero.

"I should advise you to keep off the grass, my boy. This is German territory," continued the other.

"Don't you make any error!" responded Bellingham as he turned away towards his boat.

Nothing happened during the night, but the silence of dawn was broken by the rattle of desultory firing in the bush at the back of Nunki. This, however, did not seem to surprise the Captain of the *Alligator*. He was fully dressed and had been walking the poop for some time previously. Funnily enough, the Bugler was also waiting in the gangway. Two minutes after the first shot was heard the Bugler sounded off "General quarters," and within ten minutes the three four-inch guns of the gun-boat's broadside were blazing away into the bush.

The engagement did not last long, but quite long enough to bring Messrs. Milligan and Fraser scurrying off in a dugout, clothed only in pyjamas and funk.

"By gum, you were right, after all, Captain!" murmured Milligan awkwardly. "Apologise for last night! Thought you were pulling our legs."

"All right," answered Bellingham, with a cheery nod. "I am busy just at present. Go down to my cabin and order what you like. You'll find my steward somewhere."

After half-an-hour's bombardment, the Captain of the *Alligator* ordered the "Cease fire." Instead of the shrieking of shell, the shrieking of human beings rent the air. This was something quite outside Bellingham's calculations. His plans had been laid with the greatest care; he had taken every precaution to avoid accidents. An acute observer would have noticed that, although the rifle-shots came from the left of the factory, all the *Alligator's* shells fell well to the right.

Bellingham, never at a loss, immediately ordered the bugler to sound the "Landing Party" call. In a few minutes the boats were lowered, the men tumbled in, and the little army went ashore. Advancing in skirmishing order, Bellingham found little difficulty in locating his objective, for the air was still alive with the cries of suffering humanity. Forcing their way through a couple of hundred yards of bush, the army came to a clearing whereon was erected a circular stockade. Within this was herded a writhing, yelling mass of niggers. "Slave-traders, by Jove!" muttered Bellingham under his breath; "no wonder the blackguards were so anxious to get rid of me!"

The guards—if there ever were any—deeming discretion the better part of valour, had vanished. The sailors rushed forward, and the gates of the stockade were thrown open. The niggers did not wait for any instructions, but rushed out and scurried away into the bush, in reality more frightened than hurt, for only one shell had fallen amongst them.

[Continued overleaf.]

FORTUNE'S BUFFETS.



TOUCH AND GO.

WIFE (*reminiscing*): Well, I very nearly didn't marry you, John.
JOHN (*absent-mindedly*): I know—but who told you?



MORE SERIOUS.

MANAGER OF TOURING COMPANY: Here, buck up, Miss de Vere; else we shall lose the train.
LEADING LADY: But I've lost my reticule and my jewel-case with all my diamonds in it.
MANAGER: Oh, let 'em go. We must catch this train.
LEADING LADY: But my reticule had thirty shillings in it.

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.

Then Bellingham returned to his ship very well satisfied with the morning's work, for he knew that he held Messrs. Milligan and Fraser in the hollow of his hand.

"Well, my friends, what do you think of matters now?" he exclaimed as he entered his cabin.

Fortified by his whisky the two worthies had recovered some of their equanimity.

"I suppose it is all over?" queried Milligan.

"The first act, yes!" answered Bellingham enigmatically.

Fraser flattered himself that he grasped the naval officer's meaning.

"We will dash you something handsome for this," he murmured.

"You can bet your bottom dollar that you will do what I want," remarked Bellingham. "Now, away ashore with you and make yourselves into decent white men—if you can. I will have a yarn with you when I have written my despatch."

Then he bundled them out of his cabin and into the boat which was waiting at the gangway.

"By the way," he added as an afterthought, "I am afraid your cattle have stampeded!"

Jack Bellingham bathed and breakfasted leisurely and then sat down to compose his despatch. No doubt this document still reposes amongst the archives of the Foreign Office and the Admiralty, but it has never been desecrated by the public eye. Of course, it was fiction, but at the same time it was fiction which had a solid foundation of fact. Taking into consideration the personality of the man who wrote it, we wonder that it contained as much fact as it did. When finished, the manuscript was a piece of artistic literature which would have gladdened the heart of any magazine editor.

As Bellingham laid down his pen, the Signaller entered and reported a war-canoe coming up the river. Gathering up his manuscript, the Captain went on deck, sent for the Writer, and ordered him to copy the despatch in duplicate as quickly as possible.

When the war-canoe shot up alongside, Bellingham saw that it contained no less a personage than the Prime Minister of Osolumpe.

"Bellingham, O Bellingham, plenty big ship lib for Bumpupo!" gasped the portly old gentleman, nearly sprawling on deck in his hurry to communicate the intelligence.

"Flag-ship?" queried Bellingham anxiously.

"No sabbey?" murmured the other.

"Plenty big ship lib for Admiral palaver?"

"Yes, Admiral lib for Bumpupo!"

"Here's a go!" commented Bellingham; his brow puckering in thought. In his heart he blessed Lokomoko for his thoughtfulness in sending the news.

"O Bellingham, I lib for whisky palaver!" suddenly announced the Prime Minister.

As usual, Bellingham did not need to think twice as to his course of action.

"You dash me one runner, me dash you plenty whisky!" he said.

"Me dash you runner one time!" answered the dusky official with alacrity, and hailed his canoe.

In a moment the exchange was effected. The Prime Minister went on his way down river hugging a case of whisky, and a gaunt oily nigger stood on the *Alligator's* quarterdeck. The arrival of the flag-ship at Bumpupo was unexpected, and, to say the least of it, inconvenient. If Bellingham could not explain his actions to the satisfaction of the Admiral, he would, without doubt, be court-martialled, for he knew that he was unpopular in the flag-ship, and he was also perfectly aware of the position he occupied in the esteem of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. Consequently he determined to take no risks.

One copy of his dispatch was sealed up, addressed to the Foreign Office, and sent off by the runner to the nearest port up the coast at which the homeward bound mail-boat called. He then sent a polite note ashore asking Messrs. Milligan and Fraser to lunch, and ordered the engineer to raise steam for full speed as soon as possible. Finally, he repaired to the ward-room and read his literary effort over to his officers, in order that its most salient points might be impressed upon their memories.

In due time the two traders came off in the whaler. They completely failed to notice that she was immediately hoisted at her davits, because Bellingham hustled them into his cabin. Having assiduously plied them with gin-and-bitters, they sat down to lunch.

"Look here, you fellows," began the *Alligator's* captain, as, acting the genial host, he ordered his steward to fill up their glasses with champagne, "I want you to do something for me."

"We've promised to dash you something," murmured Fraser.

Bellingham spoke with unnecessary loudness, and began to make a most unpleasant noise with the cutlery, consequently his guests did not hear the capstan working.

"I don't want you to dash me anything," he said. "I only want you to back me up over this little show. I hope to get my promotion out of it."

Bellingham proceeded to explain at some length, while his steward filled their glasses. The precious pair were nothing loath to make the most of their host's hospitality. By the time they had each swallowed a couple of glasses of port and two or three

liqueurs, both of them felt at peace with the world in general, and with Jack Bellingham in particular.

"I say, Cappy," exclaimed Fraser suddenly, "what is that funny churning noise under the floor?"

Milligan sprang up with an oath and went to one of the scuttles, closely followed by his partner. What they saw did not please them, for it was the banks of the river flying past as the *Alligator* sped full steam down river, with the current helping her along, and their factory at Nunki disappearing round the bend.

Both traders swung round. They were about to spring, but thought better of it, for Bellingham was standing up with a revolver in each hand.

"Kidnapped, by gum!" cried Fraser.

"You'll pay for this!" snarled Milligan.

"Now, my friends, sit down and calm yourselves," said Bellingham coolly. "You have got to come with me to Bumpupo, so you will make the best of the situation, if you're not fools!"

The traders looked at one another. Milligan shrugged his shoulders.

"But why the deuce do you want to take us to Bumpupo?" queried Fraser.

"Well, you see, the flag-ship is there with my Commander-in-Chief," Bellingham responded. "You have got to play the part of Distressed British Subjects whom the opportune arrival of H.M.S. *Alligator* and Lieutenant-Commander John Bellingham, R.N., rescued from the cooking-pots of bloodthirsty cannibals. Sabbey?"

"But we do not pose as British subjects," broke in Milligan, with a laugh. "Nunki is on German territory, young feller me lad!"

"Don't you make any error!" ejaculated Bellingham. "From what you have seen of me, do you think that I am an absolute idiot?"

"I haven't quite made up my mind," said the other.

"Look here, Captain," remarked Fraser, "suppose we refuse to act the part of Distressed British Subjects? Suppose we refuse to hail you as our saviour? What then?"

Bellingham looked at him, and there was sardonic pity in his glance.

"Mr. Fraser," he said, "while you were on board this morning drowning your funk in my whisky, I went ashore and made an interesting discovery in a certain clearing behind your factory."

"The deuce you did!" muttered Fraser, glancing at his partner.

"Sabbey?" Bellingham snapped.

Plainly they did sabbey.

"So you see," he went on, "it is either Distressed British Subjects or Slave-traders. Personally, I don't care which rôle you choose. I shall get my promotion out of it either way."

The traders did not speak, but Bellingham knew that he would have no more trouble with them.

"Now that is settled, I hope you will make yourselves at home," he said genially. "There is the whisky, cigars and cigarettes in the box. If you want anything, ring for my steward."

And the Captain went on to the bridge to superintend the navigation of his ship.

The "Last Post" was just sounding on the flag-ship as the *Alligator* bumped across Bumpupo Bar. Long before she came to an anchor, the big ship signalled querulously, "Captain repair on board." As soon as the cable was secured, the Captain did repair on board, highly elated.

It was ten o'clock before he returned, to find his officers and his guests assembled in the gangway, anxiously awaiting his news. Bellingham said nothing, but went straight into the ward-room and ordered a bottle of champagne.

"It's all right then, Sir?" ventured the First Lieutenant.

"You go over and ask the C.-in-C.," replied Bellingham, with a wink. "Old Baldey is riled enough to hit anything that comes within striking distance."

"Did he read the despatch, Sir?" asked his subordinate.

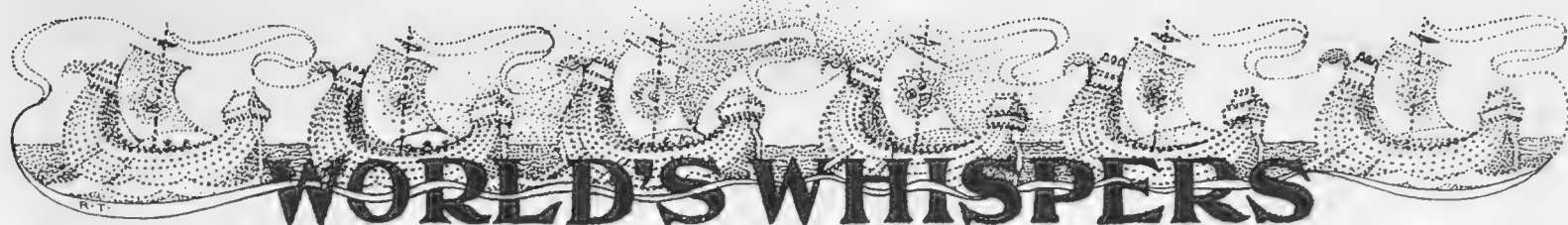
"He did," answered Bellingham; "and then tore it up and flung it on the deck. He swore he would relieve me on the spot! He swore he would put me under arrest! He swore he would court-martial me! I don't know what he did not swear! Then I ventured to interpose a hope that he would recommend me for promotion. That finished him! He would have chased me out of his cabin if I had not mentioned the fact that, being unaware of his presence at Bumpupo, I had sent a duplicate despatch to the Foreign Office. He cooled down a bit then, but even that did not make him civil. However, he is scared of the people at home, so my promotion is as good as an accomplished fact."

"Here's luck, Sir!" cried his officers in unison.

"And I should not be a bit surprised if I did not get the D.S.O. instead of the D.K.O., for I laid it on pretty thick," he added, and then turned to his guests. "I am sorry, gentlemen, I nearly forgot all about you. The Admiral says he does not want to see any more of adjective me or my adjective Distressed British Subjects. We will give you a shake-down for the night, and I will send you home in our steam-cutter to-morrow morning."

Thus closed the incident of the Nunki Expedition. No international complications followed. Bellingham actually was promoted and awarded the D.S.O. His ship's company received the West African medal with one bar bearing the legend, "Nunki."

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS

THE Hon. Sir Francis Villiers, who has returned to Lisbon well pleased with his holiday in England, found his leave of absence just too short to enable him to congratulate Lord Rosebery on his epoch-making speech. He was Lord Rosebery's private secretary for an eventful year, and one of the few speakers he cares to listen to is he who so seldom mounts the platform. Lisbon welcomes Sir Francis with open arms, but even slow-moving Portugal has grown out of its more elaborate customs, and Sir Francis will be spared the gifts of provisions "and all manner of utensils belonging thereto," the pages and chariots, and basins and ewers that were showered on Sir Richard Fanshawe when he went to the Portuguese as Charles the Second's representative. Lady Fanshawe writes: "They have sent to me a very noble present of perfumes, waters, and sweetmeats, and the King, who loved hunting much, would send my husband some of what he killed, which was stag and wild boar, both excellent meats." Later, Lady Fanshawe writes: "This winter I fell

sick of an aguish distemper. I believe it was with eating more grapes than I was accustomed to, being tempted by their goodness, especially the Frontinac, which exceed all I ever eat." Let us hope Lady Villiers will find them sour.

Twenty-one.

The Sir John Pakington mentioned by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the House of Commons last week used to be a very familiar

figure at Westminster. He was the grandfather of the Mr. Humphrey Pakington who happened to be celebrating his twenty-first birthday while Mr. Lloyd-George was reviving memories of Sir John. Mr. Humphrey Pakington is a younger brother and heir-presumptive of Lord Hampton, and the rejoicing for his coming-of-age took place at Waresley Court, the family establishment at Kidderminster. Five sisters and all the district smiled on the celebrations. It was a lady of the Pakington family who wrote "The Whole Duty of Man," and did it better than any male member could have done it. It is understood that Mr. Humphrey Pakington, who is in the Royal Navy, has often gone to sea without finding a place for this grave work in his sea-chest.

MACDONALD OF THE ISLES: THE PRESENT HOLDER OF THE PEERAGE, RONALD ARCHIBALD MACDONALD, 6TH BARON.

Lord Macdonald, the present Baron, succeeded his elder brother Somerset in 1874. Their father, the 4th Baron, was Godfrey, second son of the 3rd Lord Macdonald of the Isles, and was born after his parents' re-marriage, which annulled the first Gretna Green marriage and rendered illegitimate the eldest son, grandfather of Mr. Macdonald Bosville.

Photograph by Dickinson.

figure at Westminster. He was the grandfather of the Mr. Humphrey Pakington who happened to be celebrating his twenty-first birthday while Mr. Lloyd-George was reviving memories of Sir John. Mr. Humphrey Pakington is a younger brother and heir-presumptive of Lord Hampton, and the rejoicing for his coming-of-age took place at Waresley Court, the family establishment at Kidderminster. Five sisters and all the district smiled on the celebrations. It was a lady of the Pakington family who wrote "The Whole Duty of Man," and did it better than any male member could have done it. It is understood that Mr. Humphrey Pakington, who is in the Royal Navy, has often gone to sea without finding a place for this grave work in his sea-chest.

But Whose Leg? The nature of the "nasty experience" reported to have befallen the Bishop of London at Castlebar, where he was the guest of Lord and Lady Lucan, reminds one of the "sad accident to

the Prince" of old, the "sad accident," being that stray shots had entered the calf of—a keeper. The Bishop of London's unpleasant experience was that his motor-car frightened a horse, which threw its rider, with the result that the rider's, not the Bishop's, leg was broken. We will spare the Bishop our sympathy. Like the Prince, he has sufficient sense of humour to smile at the foibles of the newspaper man.



DESCENDANT OF A GREYNA GREEN MARRIAGE: MR. A. W. MACDONALD BOSVILLE, D.L., J.P.

Mr. Macdonald Bosville is not claiming the Macdonald title or estates, but only a Nova Scotia baronetcy, and is seeking to establish the legitimacy of his grandfather, the eldest son of the 3rd Lord Macdonald of the Isles. This Lord Macdonald married at Gretna Green a natural daughter of the Duke of Gloucester, a younger brother of George III., by Lady Almeria Carpenter. After the birth of her eldest child (Mr. Bosville's grandfather) Lady Macdonald insisted on being married over again in an English church. By some legal technicality, the second wedding annulled the first, and Mr. Bosville's grandfather was declared illegitimate, the title and estates passing to his younger brother.

Photograph by Barrett.



COURTED AT COURT: LADY ALMERIA CARPENTER, WHOSE DAUGHTER BY THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER MARRIED THE 3RD LORD MACDONALD OF THE ISLES. Lady Almeria Carpenter, a daughter of the last Earl of Tyrconnel, was Lady of-the-Bedchamber to the Duchess of Gloucester, whose husband the Duke was a younger brother of George III. In spite of the fact that he had taken great pains to have his marriage legalised (it having been clandestine) the Duke entered upon a liaison with Lady Almeria Carpenter, and a daughter was born to them. Their daughter, who went by the name of Farley Edsir (that of her reputed father) lived in Holyrood Palace, and ran off to Gretna Green with the 3rd Lord Macdonald of the Isles, who married her there according to the accustomed rites.

The Common Fly. It had been correctly surmised that M. Santos-Dumont was lying low during the Rheims Week and certain other sensational aviation periods, so that he might ultimately fly the higher. His success in perfecting a cheap line in aeroplanes will be as popular in Brazil, the land of his birth, as in France, the scene of his many airy exploits, for Santos-Dumont has a manner at once casual and courteous (and his daring places him in a category somewhere between Mr. Jessop and the King of Spain) that has brought him approval in many lands. Only in the United States was he unsuccessful; his memories of St. Louis, whither he went to compete for a prize of £4000, are anything but gentle. His balloon was ripped by an unknown hand the night before his flight, and to this unkindness was added the rumour that he had done the damage himself. His

father, a planter of Brazil, was known there as "the Coffee King," and M. Santos-Dumont is the

last aviator who needed to trouble about a cheap machine. Necessity has never mothered his inventions.

Fees and Feeds. A Savoy manager has been beguiled from London to New York, there to receive, for assisting to establish the reputation of a new restaurant, a salary considerably in advance of Mr. Asquith's as Prime Minister. That is only one of the anomalies of the world's wage-bill. Greece is called thrifty for having charged its Civil List a yearly sum of only just over £50,000 for the upkeep of an entire royal family, while a Greek Minister of State is told to be good and great and wise on £250. He could never, of course, afford a meal at the newest restaurant of New York, and it is doubtful whether his Crown Princess, were she in the States, would care to. She has given her money and attention, so far as she has spared it from her children, to Greek charities, and her cooking belongs, if anywhere, to the country of her brother, the German Emperor.

"CURATOR BONIS" OF HIS FATHER, LORD MACDONALD: THE HON. GODFREY EVAN HUGH MACDONALD.

In the famous Macdonald case, Lord Macdonald's second son, the Hon. Godfrey Macdonald, is associated with his father, to whom, in Scottish legal phraseology, he stands in the relation of "curator bonis." He was born in 1879, and was formerly in the Scots Guards. He married last year Miss Helen Bankes, of Letterewe, Ross-shire.

Photograph by Mayall.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Race Clubs.

I am strongly of the opinion that a man who has been chosen as a member of any one of the racing clubs should be eligible to become a member of all the rest by payment. The age of exclusiveness is, I take it, long since past. Many racegoers will remember that the late Sir Blundell Maple was blackballed twice for the Southdown Club. For why, I could never make out, yet the popular sporting Baronet was welcomed as a member by every other club in the country. It is said the Southdown Club is the most exclusive, but I do not think the committee would blackball any applicant now if he were respectable. It may not be generally known, by-the-bye, that the Sandown Park Club committee of selection is composed of the following: the Duke of Montrose, Lords Alington, Marcus Beresford, Downe, Dudley, Ellesmere, Essex, Farquhar, Harewood, Londonderry, Lurgan, Suffolk, and Zetland, Sir A. H. Paget, Captain Pigott, and Messrs. W. J. Compton, A. P. Cunliffe, Leopold de Rothschild, and Hwfa Williams. It will thus be seen that the choosers of members are men of honour and standing. I should add that members of the Sandown Club are eligible for nearly all the other clubs; but what I want to see is members of all the other clubs allowed to join Sandown if they so will it. It may not be generally known that the King, as Prince of Wales, was a paying member of the Kempton Park Club, and it would be imagined by the uninitiated that therefore all members of the Kempton Park Club would be eligible to become members of the Sandown Park Club; but this was not the case. It is a nuisance to many business men to bother about nominators and seconders in this matter, and I am certain many are for this reason debarred from joining those clubs that insist on too much formality.

Cambridgeshire.

Pride won cleverly at Haydock Park, and may run well for the Cambridgeshire on Oct. 27; but there are others in that race. As a matter of interest it may be mentioned that Succour, in the same stable, is not to be despised, and wherever Land League is he should be. I cannot fancy Sir Martin, as I do not think he could hold a candle to Mediant at even weights over this distance. On the Goodwood running Galvani has a chance if he gets away all right. Norman III. has done nothing since he won the Two Thousand Guineas of 1908; but it is said that Watson has the colt all right again now. Lewis has Christmas Daisy, Canonite, The Nut, and Mat o' the Mint engaged, and the best of this lot will go very close. Mat o' the Mint is a rum 'un to look at, but I am told he is a beggar to go. He has not been busted, and it may be taken for granted that he has

been saved for some big coup. Strictly on the book, the King's filly Princesse de Galles has a great chance. She ran well behind Electra at Doncaster, but then the distance was a bit too far for her. She is smart over a mile. She is set to receive 6lb. from Electra, and should beat the last-named, wherever they finish. The Tower will not want for backing if ridden by a strong jockey; while Arranmore has improved by leaps and bounds of late, and, as the sole representative of C. Peck's stable, is worthy of respect. The great street-corner tip for the race is Valens, who put up such a good fight against Bayardo in the St. Leger. He had no chance against the winner, but easily beat Minoru, and this in itself makes it a good public trial for Lord Carnarvon's colt. But the stable has also Mustapha, Buckwheat, and Shampoo, and I advise would-be backers to wait until the day of the race before supporting any of these.

The Cesarewitch.

For this important race, to be decided at Newmarket on Oct. 13, several horses are fancied. It must be borne well in mind the distance of the race is 2½ miles, and it is necessary to choose a good stayer. The Nut is a bit of a tip. He ran well last year, and although his weight (8 st. 3 lb.) is quite enough, he is very likely to go close if fancied by the Netheravon division. It should, however, not be forgotten that Fallon has The Major engaged. He has only 6 st. 10 lb. to carry, and if F. Wootton had the mount he would become a screaming hot favourite. The Major is useful and a good stayer, but an ordinary light-weight would do little with him. I am told that Admiral Togo III. will be the best of Alec Taylor's lot, and if he is better than Laomedon he must have a chance. Pure Gem is bound to be preferred to Dean Swift, and I fancy the latter was only left in to keep the weights down for his stable companion.

The Newmarket tips are Siberia and Shuletoi. The first-named ran a respectable third to Bomba for the Ascot Gold Cup. She is a very nice mare, and is not overweighted with 8 st. 5 lb. I am of the opinion that Shuletoi will run very well. In fact, I think he is better in at the weights than either of his stable companions, Raytoi and Yentoi. If Shuletoi is fancied on the day, the bookmakers will not be anxious to lay him. He belongs to Mr. Cohen, the "Taxi" King, who is a very busy man, and is not afraid to back his fancy when he has anything extra good. I know Lady de Bathe would much like to see her pretty colours carried to victory on Yentoi, but I fancy the horse has lost his form; anyway, he ran like it at Doncaster.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



AMERICAN INTEREST IN ENGLISH GOLF: A CARICATURE OF H. H. HILTON, THE EX-OPEN-CHAMPION.

H. H. Hilton won the Open Golf Championship in 1892 and 1897, and he has also four times carried off the Irish Open Amateur Championship. He has represented England against Scotland on six occasions. The above cartoon, representing him as "an amphibious golfer," appeared as a full page in "Harper's Weekly."



A British Beauty. A good car, like good wine, needs no bush—which, rendered into the vernacular; meaneth no flamboyant advertisement. Consequently, I shall not "enthuse" over the 14-20-h.p. Wolseley-Siddeley, although I am more than pleased to find that that gallant officer Captain Ian Forbes, of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, has derived equal satisfaction with myself from the use of one of these fascinating little cars. From an enthusiastic testimonial by the Captain to the company, I learn that this particular car has been driven over five thousand miles without a single mechanical mishap. It ranges on its top speed from three miles per hour to forty-five miles per hour, which is enough for any ordinary motoring mortal. It has climbed Cairn-o'-Mount and Cairnwell on its second speed; it averages twenty-four miles per gallon, and once ran sixty-one miles on two gallons. The valves do not yet require grinding in, and, tested lately, the compression in each cylinder showed 60 lb. per square inch.

Guide Continental for Continental Tourists.

September and early October are ideal for touring the southern central portion of France, with a good dip down towards the Pyrenees, and those of my readers who contemplate such delightful journeying will find all the needful information in the Continental Tyre Company's French Atlas, and the Continental Guide Routier, which are published by that well-known tyre company at 4s. and 2s. respectively.

The Only Show.

If motorists have any sort of compensation for the waning of the year and the surcease of fine-weather driving, it may, perhaps, be found in part in the contemplation of what the November Olympia Show may have in store for them. In view of the fact that there will be no exhibition in Paris this winter, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders' Exhibition at West Kensington will rank as the function of its kind of the year.

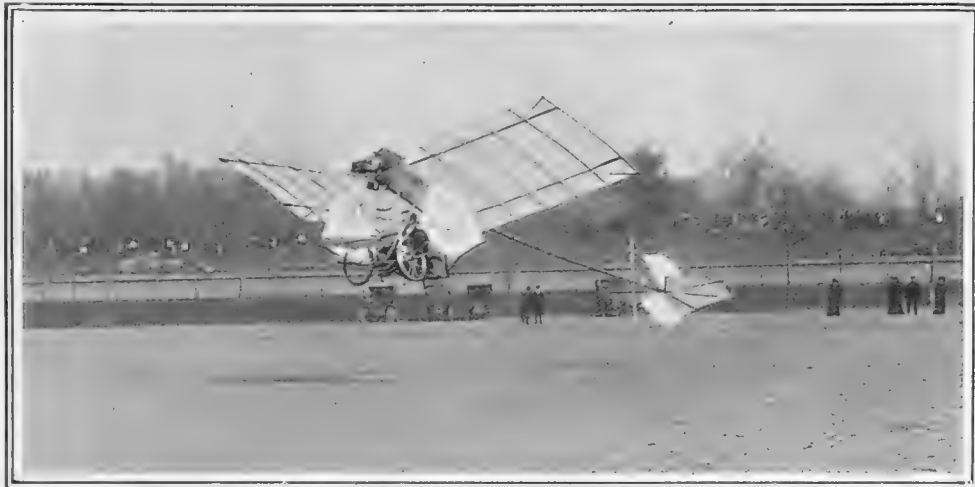
What May be Seen There.

It is very difficult to divine what direction novelty in design may take. It is not probable that any firm will burst upon an astonished world with anything so startling as the Silent Knight Daimler engine, but it is not unlikely that an engine or two fitted with rotary valves of some sort or another may be shown. Efforts are being concentrated on rotating as opposed to reciprocating sleeves, and, in the case of Messrs. Napier and Son, to an engine with reciprocating sleeves, but both placed outside the cylinder. All these things are, however,

still in the experimental stage, while the Daimler Silent Knight engine has come, has looked about it for quite a long time, and has conquered public prejudice and gained public favour.

Palmer Prescription for Parallelism.

A few weeks ago, I dwelt upon the immense importance of keeping the steering-wheels of one's car absolutely parallel and in track. If steering-wheels get out of track and parallel, they will suffer more damage in two hundred miles than in two thousand of fair, straight-forward running. I know I have said this before, but no harm can possibly come of rubbing it well into car-owners, in order that they may act themselves or see that their hired man takes the necessary precautions. But I have been asked to detail the best way in which a car-owner may test his wheels, and, had I the space at my disposal, would do so with pleasure. The next best thing I can do, however, is to advise my readers to write to the Palmer Tyre Company, Ltd., of 119, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C., for a diagram and instructions of such a test, devised by their brilliant engineer, Mr. Sloper,



EVERYBODY'S FLYING-MACHINE: M. SANTOS-DUMONT ON HIS £200 MONOPLANE, THE "DEMOISELLE."

M. Santos-Dumont, the well-known aeronaut, has been making flights near Paris on his little monoplane, the "Demoiselle," which is the smallest flying-machine in the world. Its weight is only 259 lb., including the pilot and the 30-h.p. motor. Its surface measures only 96 square feet, as against the 570 square feet of a Wright machine. The total cost is less than £200, and is thus within the range of moderate incomes. M. Dumont is quite willing to allow anyone to use his plans to construct a similar machine.—[Photograph by Halfonci.]

which requires naught but four kitchen chairs, two laths, and some string.

When there is No More Petrol.

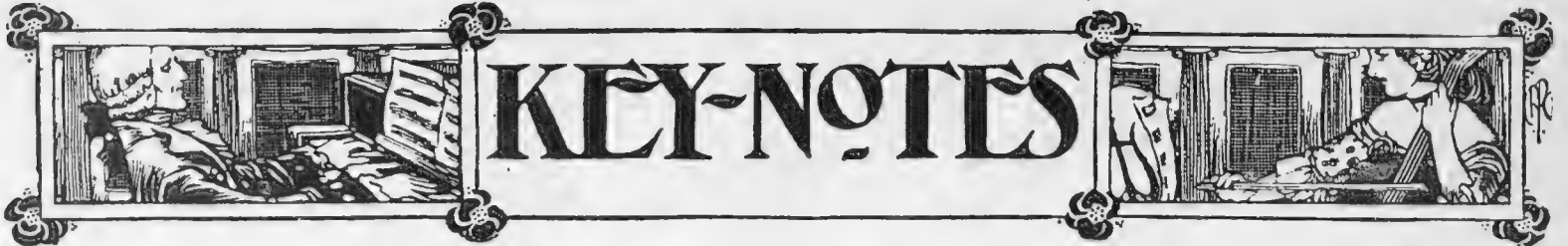
I wonder how often those whose future and fortunes are bound up with the motor industry contemplate the some-time cessation of their petrol-supplies. The consumption of motor-spirit is increasing all over the world by leaps and bounds, and who shall say how soon Nature's oily founts may not run dry? Some two or three years ago the automobile connection were more or less concerned at the possibility of such a catastrophe, but those interested in the oil industries appear to have laid those fears, for little or no reference thereto has been made of late. Nevertheless, the possibility and the probability still exist, and that country will score most which is first prepared to grow, supply, and use the only alternative—alcohol. I have been moved to these reflections by the perusal of the chapter on alcohol, in Professor Spooner's interesting work, "Motors and Motoring." Notwithstanding the assertions sometimes made that alcohol can be substituted for petrol instantly and without any modification in any engine, the Professor shows that, to secure the highest efficiency, an alcohol engine must



THE "DEMOISELLE," OTHERWISE "DRAGON-FLY": M. SANTOS-DUMONT ON THE MACHINE WHOSE PATENT RIGHTS HE HAS MADE PUBLIC PROPERTY.

In his diminutive aeroplane, the "Demoiselle," M. Santos-Dumont is here seen flying from St. Cyr to Buc, near Paris, a distance of five miles, which he accomplished in five minutes—a wonderful time, considering the size of the machine. "Demoiselle," by-the-way, is the French for "dragon-fly." The road in the photograph is that leading from St. Cyr to Versailles. It is stated that M. Santos-Dumont is handing over to the public all his patent rights in this machine, in order to encourage aviation.—[Photograph by Branger.]

run at a low speed with high compression—250 to 500 revolutions per minute and a mean pressure of 120 to 180 lb. per square inch. Things are quite otherwise with engines designed to use petrol.



The Sarasate Memorial.

On Monday of last week a memorial to the late Señor Sarasate was opened in Biarritz. It takes the form of a museum and a concert-hall, and will be welcomed by all lovers of a great artist, for the soloist, however supreme his gifts, can leave but a small number of

people to bear witness to their quality, and Time reduces the number year by year. It is well, too, that the monument should take useful form, and be set on appropriate soil, for Sarasate was a patriot as well as a cosmopolitan. Few people know how keenly he was devoted to his own homeland, and how frequently, when all the great cities of the world were waiting for him, he found time to visit his native place. In the little town of his birth he was a well-known figure, for as soon as the annual *feria* in honour of its patron saint was to be celebrated, Sarasate would endeavour to join the ranks of its supporters. Once there, he would turn his wonderful hands to the service of his old friends, and would play the native songs and dances in the open market-square, as though no labours could tire him. Year after year he came to the Pampeluna country, happy to shake off the dust of London, Paris, and other world cities, and rejoice in the simple life he had known as a comparatively poor and friendless lad. No matter where he was, a

revealed to the fullest possible extent its composer's strength and weakness. His constructive scheme is orthodox, his themes are interesting, and his feeling for instrumental selection delightful. For the greater part of the time interest was well maintained; but, unfortunately, M. Reger does not seem to be satisfied unless he can convince the listener of his unconventional daring as well as his genuine inspiration and command over the orchestra. The "Symphonic Prologue to a Tragedy" is one of the most striking works from his pen recently played in England; but there are in it many moments of sheer ugliness, caused by the composer's rapid dismissal of various themes in succession and his tendency to indulge in violent key-changes that the ear struggles vainly to accept. It was hard to avoid the thought that, if M. Reger's score had been submitted to an orthodox professor of some leading academy, with instructions to modify the more violent transgressions against the established rules of composition, the result would have been delightful. Are the modern men becoming ashamed of writing that conforms to accepted tradition and appeals for acceptance by reason of its melodic beauty and clear, well-defined outline? Or are those of us who cannot accept the latter-day innovations beginning to lag behind the times? If we could answer this question, the path would be paved for an abiding peace between the two schools.

Covent Garden Concerts.

Arrangements for the Sunday concerts at Covent Garden are well-nigh complete, and the season will open on Oct. 24, when the London Symphony Orchestra will be directed by M. Wassili Safonoff. Dr. Richter will preside over two concerts at least, and among the other conductors engaged are, Señor Arbos and Dr. Frederic Cowen.



Mlle. Régina Badet, the well-known dancer from the Paris Opéra Comique, in the Bordeaux fêtes.

"All human race," as the poet says, "from China to Peru, Pleasure, howe'er disguised by Art, pursue." Certainly this would be the case if Pleasure assumed such a fascinating form as that of Mlle. Régina Badet, of the Paris Opéra Comique, who took part in the recent Bacchic revels at Bordeaux.—[Photograph by Rol.]

reference to Spanish country life, with its *meriendas*, *ferias*, and day of *todos los Santos*, would rouse Sarasate to enthusiasm, and few of us who have heard him play the various regional measures of his country are likely to forget the experience.

Max Reger Again. At the Promenade Concerts last week, a "Symphonic Prologue to a Tragedy," written by Max Reger, was heard for the first time in London. Abounding in extremely difficult passages, it was rendered very finely by Mr. Wood's orchestra; indeed, the vigour and certainty of the attack could hardly have been more marked had the occasion been a Symphony Concert. This is worthy of note, for there have been occasions when the brass was decidedly under the weather, and when there was a slight tendency among the violins, or some of them, to stray from the strict paths of time. But M. Reger was very fortunate in the interpretation given to a work that



AN IDEALLY JOLLY SILENUS: M. CLAVERIE AS THE FOSTER-FATHER OF BACCHUS AT BORDEAUX.

Bordeaux has just been celebrating the Triumph of Bacchus in a style that would paralyse a teetotaler. Among the personæ, of course, was Old Silenus, son of Pan and foster-father of Bacchus, and the very archetype of all old toppers. He made his appearance, drunk as usual, in the first act, while the joys of earth were sung by Bacchus and Ceres. The part of Silenus was taken by M. Clavierie.—[Photograph by Rol.]

COMMON CHORD.



DANCING ON THE LARGEST STAGE IN THE WORLD: Mlle. Régina Badet in the wine fêtes at Bordeaux.

The Bordeaux fêtes in honour of Bacchus began with a series of processions bearing such genial mottoes as "Wine Gives Wit" and "Water-drinkers are Wicked." Then followed a "Triumph of Bacchus," with libretto by M. Henri Cain and music by M. Camille Erlanger, and performed in a huge amphitheatre, with antique walls specially built to represent the ancient city of Burdigola. In the first act Bacchus (M. Muratore) and Ceres (Madame Litvinne) sang the joys of earth, with harvesters, ploughmen, and vintners, while Mlle. Régina Badet did a charming Bacchanalian dance.—[Photograph by Branger.]



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Vanishing Rituals. If, in our modern world, there is a singular diminishing of religion—or at least of dogma—we are none the less the slaves of ritual in every form. I fancy the Socialists aim particularly at the abolition of the politer rites and ceremonies, as some of their drastic rules preclude the wearing of evening dress, the starched shirt, the frock-coat, and above all, of the tall silk hat. We most of us number among our acquaintances ardent young anarchists from Oxford or Cambridge who insist on paying afternoon calls in Grosvenor Square in soft brown hats, turned up rakishly on one side, like a terrier's ear; while one I know meditates appearing in Piccadilly in a hat draped with a shot-purple scarf. But we are far, as yet, from a general acceptance of such drastic changes in dress. Revolutions, to be sure, have always been emphasised by a complete alteration in costume, as witness the Puritan dress of the Cromwellian régime and the Neo-classic draperies of the Directoire in France. It may be our fiery and altruistic young Socialists will one day attain their ends and abolish most of the elaborate rites which to-day mean civilisation, and among the first to go may be hat-politeness to women (replaced by more substantial privileges), and all the ceremonies which we associate with eating together, seeing spectacles, marrying, dying, and being born.

The Polite Londoner.

In an amusing article in the current *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Pett Ridge

draws attention to the politeness of the Londoner. Compared with the yokel, and even with the inhabitant of small provincial towns, the Cockney, indeed, appears as an Angel of Light. He is polite, to be sure, because he is intelligent, a quality which comprises sympathy, interest in other people's affairs, and a certain amount of healthy curiosity. Do you ask your way of Hodge in a country lane, in nine cases out of ten you will be met by a stolid hostility, by the contempt of the native for the wanderer, by a marked disinclination on his part to disturb himself about your affairs. There is nothing, on the contrary, more characteristic of the Londoner of all classes than his frenzied desire to show people the way. He likes, above all things, to encounter an American or a Colonial, for these pilgrims to the shrine of London arouse his own sleeping enthusiasm. "The delight of an omnibus on discovering the presence of a Colonial who cannot distinguish between St. Margaret's and the Abbey is something that cannot be concealed," declares Mr. Pett Ridge, "and brisk competition ensues for the privilege of acting as guide." This idiosyncrasy would seem to be peculiar to many great cities, for a similar adventure befell me a year or two since in Germany. A few casual words exchanged with a stout lady in a Dresden tram-car resulted in my leaving this excellent

bourgeoise almost in tears, because, although I had never been, I would not accept her pressing invitation to the Royal Opera House that night. Owing to our national sense of humour, English goodwill could never approach the extravagances of German *Schwärmerei*, but one must perforce think kindly of a people who can show such simple-hearted kindness.

Economy Triumphs.

The reign of economy has come, and

pleasures and luxuries in the future will have to accommodate themselves to the average purse or be so little indulged in as not to pay. Most women have the instinct of economy, and it is they who have insisted on inexpensive pleasures and cheap means of transit. Even the age-old system of "tipping" will soon go the way of other extravagances, now that a big London hotel has boldly announced its abolition. Already the cheap newspaper, the cheap magazine, and the cheap novel have arrived, and, seeing how an enterprising West-End theatre like the Coliseum is able to give its patrons a stall for three shillings and a box for ten shillings, the cheap high-class theatre is bound to come. The universal tea-shop, with tea at the modest outlay of twopence; the economical restaurant, the triumphant third-class carriage, the tubes and penny motor-buses, in which hundreds of women in evening dress and be-garlanded hair go a-pleasuring in the evening—all these things point to the fact that the Middle Class means to be amused and catered for on its own terms. And they are low.

The True Inwardness of Blarney.

"Blarney," says Mr. Chesterton in his

new book on Shaw, "is a ritual. The Irish are agreeable, not because they are particularly emotional, but because they are very highly civilised." Not that our brilliant essayist would imply that Mr. Bernard Shaw has ever performed that national gymnastic known as kissing the Blarney Stone; he refers, to be sure, to quite other types of Irishmen than the author of "Man and Superman." But the discovery that making oneself agreeable is a civilised rite, and means little more, except as a symbol, than other rites, detracts not a little from the charm of social intercourse. It accounts, indeed, for a certain suave cynicism, a kind

of steely hardness, which lies beneath the most elaborate Celtic manner. The Celt, for social purposes, has much in common with the Oriental; to be brusque, uncompromising, strictly truthful, is as impossible to the one as to the other. The Irishman, just like the Asiatic, never answers a plain question simply. It may be urged that his intellect is complex, compared with that of some other Western races, and that blarney—the art of being agreeable—is merely a weapon with which to gain time to think. But if once this principle is recognised, there is an end to the charm of society, and Woman, above all, will be bereft of her most effective means of combat.



A TWEED COAT AND SKIRT BY KENNETH DURWARD, ULSTER HOUSE, CONDUIT STREET, W.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

First Show of
Autumn Fashions.

"The Making of a Gentleman" has much to do with the making of a fine appearance by the ladies. The dresses in the piece are the first authentic pronouncement of the clothes campaign for the autumn. A flamingo-red drap-de-Chine coat and skirt, worn by Miss Muriel Beaumont, will arouse a spirit of emulation among the occupants of stalls, dress-circle, and boxes who desire to look their dainty and feminine best. Seldom have I seen a more delightful combination of the picturesque with the prominently up-to-date. The skirt is plain, but the front is tablier-like, and falls on the ground in two fascinating points at either side, giving an enviable length of line. The coat, which is a clever adaptation of an Incroyable garment, has long straight tails. The waist-line is, however, distinctly indicated, and at it are two large oblong hanging ornaments in dull gold and coral colour. In front the coat has a fastening of light and dark hued polished-horn, acorn-shaped buttons, which go slantwise from bust to waist. There is a jabot of silk-embroidered lace and a turned-down collar to correspond. The sleeves are tight and to the wrist, but rather fuller on the shoulder than we have been accustomed to. The hat is a large one, high in the crown and broad in the brim, of black-silk beaver bound with black-silk braid. It turns sharp up at the left side and is finished with a half-rosette of black ribbon and a dull-gold and coral-coloured ornament with many little balled ends. A similar ornament is at the right side of the hat. Miss Beaumont might be painted in this dress either to be a present exponent of smartness or to go down to posterity as a picture irrespective of period.

A Moonlight Frock.

Another dress that Miss Beaumont wears is of soft twilight-blue satin poplin and crêpe-de-chiffon. The skirt is of the poplin; over it is a tunic of the more ethereal fabric, embroidered in shades of grey-blue and dull silver. The bodice is similarly embroidered, and there is a Cromwellian collar of embroidered lawn. The sleeves are of poplin, with frills of embroidered lawn, pulled out at and above the wrist, caught with old-silver and enamel buttons. There is a waistband of deepest blue and black shot material, fastened in front with a large dull-gold clasp centred with a dusky-blue stone. A large dome-shaped, drooping-brimmed hat is worn, of dark-blue shot black, trimmed with a long and handsome grey-blue ostrich-feather.

One of Miss Ethel
Irving's Dresses.

Quite a creation, in so far as fashioning an original frock is concerned, is a soft glacier-blue satin worn by Miss Ethel Irving. The skirt is finished by a wide sash of chiffon, more grey than blue, which falls down upon it from a waistband and is widely hemmed with satin. It is also finished with a bugle-and-ball fringe in ice-blue. The bodice is principally of chiffon, lightly draped over a vest of silver network, very fine and fairylike. The shoulder-drapery is most cleverly caught down with a series of fine tucks studded with brilliants. The sleeves are of the chiffon over silver net, and there is a waistband of satin, softly folded and finished with a rosette half of satin, and half consisting of velvet petals of a dull-mauve poppy. The chief cachet of the costume is in a cope-shaped cape of dull-mauve net, slung over the shoulders and falling far below the waist at the back. It is very handsomely wrought with dull and polished beads and stones in the same indescribable dull shade of mauve, and is bordered widely with chinchilla.

Other Hints on
Making a Gentle-
woman.

An effective yet subtle colour-scheme is worked out most successfully in a coat and skirt worn by Miss Weigall. It is of Ottoman wide-ribbed silk, and the colour is between copper and brass, while the velvet collar and buttons and the feather in the large Trelawny toque of fur are russet. Miss Seyler's grey coat and skirt has a dash of heliotrope in it. The revers and collar of the coat and the deep hem and its heading on the skirt are of open-work, which looks like the ground of old-world crochet-work. Furs worn in this beautifully dressed piece show muffs like mammoth sporrans in shape, and ties elaborately trimmed with ball-fringes matching the fur in metallesque colourings. Fur, it is clearly indicated, will be worn as dress-trimming, and in no limited or stinted quantity. Skirts will be looped up a little and otherwise draped, which is quite a change from the severity to which we have become accustomed.

For the Links.

Late autumn and winter golf calls for thicker clothes than have of late been worn. On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a tweed coat and skirt built by Kenneth Durward, whose clothes for our sex have attained so excellent a reputation. It is of one of the game-feather mixture tweeds, and has large pockets, for which its wearer will often have reason to be thankful. The buttons are leather. It is

neat, smart, and lady-like-looking, and yet quite practical for the mixed weather which is our portion.

Comfortable and
Becoming.

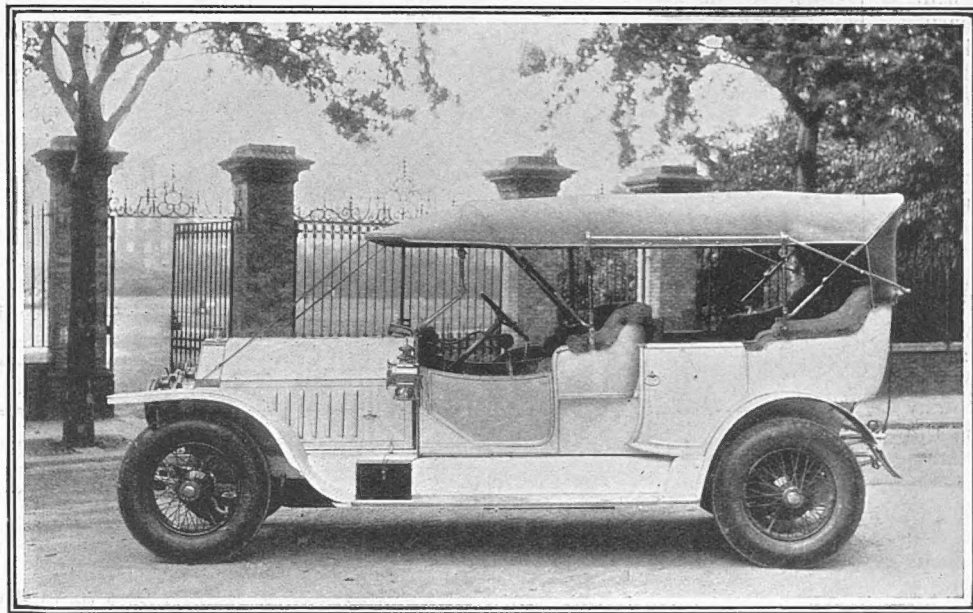
The pleasure of being out in the open air can be marred for my sex by headgear which spoils easily, tugs at one's hair in the wind, or is otherwise uncomfortable to wear. Scott's, the well-known hatters of 1, Old Bond Street, have just issued a dainty little catalogue of autumn hats illustrated, which are admirable guides in style, comfort, and practicability. They are of tweed, felt, moiré silk, velvet, beaver plush, cloth, and other fabrics suited to the season.

The shapes are varied, but all are smart and stylish, while the prices are plainly given. All this is most useful to the country customer or those in town who like to shop quickly.

A Comprehensive
Catalogue.

To find what you want in the way of jewellery, silver, plate, cutlery, and household things of the higher order in one guide, beautifully illustrated in wood and half-tone blocks, is a matter of much convenience. Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of 158-162, Oxford Street; 2, Queen Victoria Street; 220, Regent Street, with branches in Paris, Biarritz, Buenos Aires, Johannesburg, and Sheffield, have issued a handsome volume bound in royal red leather. It will be a positive joy to those about to start housekeeping, an inspiration to all who seek gifts, and a pleasure to lovers of fine designs in plate. The firm have so many branches all over the world and employ so many hands, from humble polishers to skilled artificers, that they have a huge stock and can offer their remarkably fine productions to the public at prices defying competition. The catalogue is well worth keeping for reference. It is a really instructive and interesting volume.

The opal is undoubtedly one of the most lovely of all precious stones, and it is expected to be very fashionable during the coming season. It is a well-known fact that it was the favourite stone of her Majesty the late Queen Victoria, who had great belief in the fulfilment of its meaning, "Hope," and it is still prominent in Court circles. Another stone which is becoming fashionable is the amethyst, whose designation is "peace of mind." Of course, to the wealthy, at the present time, the pearl is perhaps the favourite gem. It has increased about sixty per cent. in price during the last five years, and is becoming daily more valuable.



FOR A DARRACQ-FANCIER: THE SECOND SIX-CYLINDER DARRACQ SUPPLIED TO THE SAME OWNER. This roomy and comfortable car is the second six-cylinder Darracq put into use by the same owner, Mr. C. H. Langston Cazalet, who also has other cars of different power by the same makers. The Rudge-Whitworth detachable wheels are fitted with 7-inch Palmer cord tyres, and a spare wheel is carried on the step.—[Photograph by Darvey.]

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 27.

CONSOLS AND GILT-EDGED STOCKS.

THERE has been very little business doing in the Stock Markets during the week except in the case of certain specialties such as Pekin Syndicates, and an occasional active spurt in Yankee Rails. Despite cheap money, Consols and kindred securities have sagged for lack of support, the real fact being that nobody is a buyer and nobody wants this class of thing at present. Mr. Goschen may have saved the nation a great deal of money by his conversion, but a 2½ per cent. stock is so unpopular that it is only as a last resort the big investors will look at it. The result is that to place the various blocks of stock, which death and other unpreventable causes bring on the market, becomes daily more difficult. We really do not see how the price of Consols is to be permanently improved so long as this frame of mind is prevalent, and, as we have said in these columns before, in our judgment a gradual decline to about 80 is more probable than a rise to 90, especially as there is always the chance of the present (or next) Chancellor of the Exchequer demanding a quarter or a fifth of the unearned increment, should any considerable rise take place. The just-issued scale of the proposed tax on Stock Exchange transactions does not encourage one to hope that speculative purchases will be increased thereby, nor has it added to the popularity of the Budget among the dealers. Between the jobber's "turn" and the Chancellor's "turn" the poor punter will have less chance than ever.

COALITE.

In these columns we have never advised our readers to dabble in Coalite shares, because we knew that new processes have always a hard struggle, and that a very considerable time must elapse before this process could be brought into commercial working on a large scale; but from the information at our disposal, we believe that the dreary wait for results is almost at an end, and that if any person can afford a speculation, and will buy and pay for British Coalite shares, he will, within six or eight months, see a substantial return on his money. All that has been told us by persons in the very best position to know what is going on, we are not at liberty to make public, but we may say that over 100 tons of Coalite is being turned out per week at Wednesfield, and that the Hythe works will be in full swing next month, turning out 150 tons a week, besides supplying all the gas required for the lighting of the towns of Hythe and Folkestone under a contract with the local gas company. The shares at 11s. 6d. or 12s. are, of course, a speculation, but unless the insiders are deceiving themselves, it will be strange if they do not rise to 20s. before next summer.

HOME RAILS.

Everybody has for months been talking about the revival which is about to take place, but which never arrives. Yankees may boom, iron and steel returns may show strong indications of trade improvement; traffics may even for a week or two flatter holders, but the British public steadily refuses to buy even at the present range of prices, which on an average means a return of nearly 4½ per cent. on the investment. We hardly know why stocks, which were once so favourite a medium, have so completely lost caste; except that as the result of the present Liberal-Labour Cabinet's efforts, a great and increasing number of people prefer to place their cash in securities abroad, where the dangers of labour troubles, crushing taxation, nationalisation, and such-like, are not so self-evident, even if in reality more real. It is an old and true saying that what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve for; and as the troubles abroad are not so self-evident as the troubles here, we, like the ostrich, hide our heads in the sand and buy foreign railway stocks instead of our own. Perhaps if signs of a real trade revival were reflected in the railway returns of a few consecutive weeks, we might see some upward movement in the stocks; but last week's traffics are not encouraging, and until there is an improvement continuing for a month or two, the present unsatisfactory state of the Home Railway Market does not appear likely to be permanently altered.

FOREIGN STOCKS AND RAILS.

In the direction of Foreign Government and Provincial stocks considerable investment buying has been going on, not only during the last week but for some months; and considering the returns obtainable, there is no doubt that the public is wise in favouring this class of investment. In the first place, the bulk of the securities can be obtained in the shape of bonds to bearer, with coupons attached for the payment of interest; and in these days of heavy death dues and a three years' inquisition into gifts during life, bonds to bearer possess many self-evident advantages. In addition to this consideration, of which, no doubt, Mr. Lloyd-George will not approve, 4½ or 5 per cent. can be made on money invested in foreign stocks with very little risk, by buying such things as Japanese, Russian Railway loan, Cuban Gold bonds, or Brazilian stock, to name but a few of the most prominent securities.

Apart from the Government bonds, the market for foreign rails has been quite strong and active. Mexican Railway issues have been especially in evidence, and show good rises, although the traffic figures do not afford any particular reason for the movement. Most of the Argentine Railway issues have been active, and North-Eastern and Entre Rios especially in favour. The talk is of amalgamation, which would undoubtedly be good for both lines, and the way for which has been already cleared by the previous absorption of the East Argentine line by the North Eastern. The gauge is the same, and with the East Argentine link secured, it is in the general interest that the systems should be worked together. United of Havana, although the traffics continue extremely good, have not advanced to the extent they ought to have done; but the position of the Ordinary stock depends on the result of the accounts which will be published next month, and which should, from the public figures, be satisfactory. Stocks like Central Bahia Trust "A" stock and Mexican Central Railway Securities, both "A" and "B" stocks, still afford attractive investments.

THE RUBBER BOOM.

To gain a clear apprehension of the position in the Rubber Market, one has to go back to the panic of a couple of years ago in the Yankee Market. At that time, rubber, like stocks, shares, and everything else, débâclé badly; to such an extent in fact, that the forced sales by weak holders caused the price to fall to about 2s. 9d. a pound. At this quotation, it did not pay to send the customary expedition up the Amazon and through the Para forests, and one year's crop from South America was therefore missed. As things settled down in the States, the demand for rubber revived, and the absence of what we may call the Para crop led to a complete change in the situation. There was nearly a rubber famine, and the result of that can still be seen in the high price of rubber to-day. This year, of course, the expedition has "gone up," and is expected to return early in 1910. The natural inference would be that rubber must go down if the supplies were largely increased, and consequently that the prices of Rubber shares might suffer. Each half-year, it must be remembered, too, will bring many thousands of additional trees to the production stage. Against this, however, must be set the fact that the Companies are making splendid profits in the current six months, and dividends will probably be increased. The Rubber Market is very interesting to watch just now, but buyers will have to bear in mind that the industry is rather a risky one, and that the risk is reflected in the rate of interest which the purchase of shares gives to the buyer.

Saturday, Sept. 18, 1909.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

RHODESIA.—(1) We don't know. It would all depend on what the market thought would be the outcome of the election. (2) Very doubtful. The difference between the buying and selling price would in most cases eat up the profit. Try it and see how it works. (3) Generally options fall due at the end of the month, and especially at the end of June and December.

BAMPTON.—If bought for investment, there is no reason to sell, as the prospects of both the Railway and Rubber Companies are very bright.

UNCERTAIN.—(1) Yes; but we prefer others. (2) Yes. (3) No.

ALPHA.—If you were a constant reader you would know that we should agree with your friend as to City Deeps.

DUKE.—(1) Gwalia Consolidated is doing well, and making a good monthly profit, but there is no more reason to expect a rise now than for the last six months. Hold till the meeting, and sell just before it. (2) Average, if you think Kaffirs will improve generally. (3) We think the Rubber Company is a good one.

CHINA ASTER.—The Reversionary Society is a good one and reliable, but, like everybody else, will buy as cheap as they can. You would probably get a better price by consulting Messrs. Foster and Cranfield, of 6, Poultry, whose speciality is the sale of reversions.

E. R.—As to your Manchester Corporation Water bond, you may sleep in peace. The Bank of Africa shares have, we think, seen their worst, and should gradually improve both in dividend and price.

ANGELO.—San Paulo Municipal 6 per cent. Bonds at about 105 or Rio de Janeiro 5 per cent. Bonds are both suitable for your money.

MAPPIN AND WEBB (1908) LTD.—We are asked to state that warrants for interim dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares, and at the rate of 5½ per cent. per annum on the Preference shares, calculated from the date of payment of the respective instalments to June 30, 1909, will be payable on and after Oct. 1, 1909.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Windsor, Sunrise may win the Queen Anne's Welter; Shampoo, the Royal Borough Handicap; Osmos, the Merry Wives' Nursery, and Oni-Ko the September Handicap. For Newbury, I like these; Autumn Cup, Laomedia; Manton Nursery, Brod; Long Distance Handicap, Wild Georgie; Kingsclere Stakes, Minoru; Highclere Nursery, Rocksavage; Lambourne Welter, St. Cyril.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Tragedy of the Pyramids."By DOUGLAS SLADEN.
(Hurst and Blackett.)

We have not had to wait long for the counterblast to "The White Prophet," recently reviewed in this column. Mr. Douglas Sladen, protesting his admiration for Mr. Hall Caine's masterly and imaginative (and italicised) romance, publishes "The Tragedy of the Pyramids," with a long preface in which he debates the points at issue between himself and the gifted Manx novelist. We are not at all sure that Mr. Sladen's novel of Army life in Egypt would not have been better without its nervous preliminary attention to Mr. Hall Caine. It is really rather an insult to the intelligence of the average reader to assume that he would accept "The White Prophet" as anything but a ludicrous travesty of real life. Mr. Sladen uses the word "hysterical" in reference to one of Mr. Caine's passages: he might have reflected that we do not trouble, as a rule, to attend to the ravings of hysteria. Apart from these criticisms, and from a regret that he should paint his principal political offenders so uniformly black, as if no moral good could be hoped for in the enemies of England, "The Tragedy of the Pyramids" has our hearty commendation. It is a brave story of love and war, plentifully embellished with gallant British officers, and carried through to its triumphant conclusion with the skirl of bagpipes. It gives a picture of Cairene life, on both sides, that is full of colour and movement, and it has a swinging, stirring plot. If it "blows" a little freely about the virtues of the English, that is only in keeping with the complacence

that onlookers assert to be one of the keynotes of our national character.

"Dorrien Carfax."By NOWELL GRIFFITH.
(Smith, Elder.)

from reading the book with only the vaguest idea of what it

We must confess that the verbiage of "Dorrien Carfax" has been too much for us. There appears to be a plot embedded somewhere in it, but we have risen from reading the book with only the vaguest idea of what it is all about, and we cannot acquit Mr. Nowell Griffith of the responsibility for our bewilderment. He has dabbled in many styles, and so far as we can see, has made himself moderately proficient in none, though he has certainly accomplished the confusion of a critic. "Noise is not argument": neither is this kind of thing impressive, as he seems to think—



THE CREATOR OF "THE SMITHS": MR. J. KEBLE BELL, ALIAS "KEBLE HOWARD," AUTHOR OF "THE SMITHS OF VALLEY VIEW."

The author of "Motley Notes" requires no introduction to readers of "The Sketch" as far as his pen-name is concerned. Mr. Bell, who writes under the pseudonym of Keble Howard, has just published another of his entertaining studies of middle-class social life, under the title of "The Smiths of Valley View," which is by way of sequel to his well-known story, "The Smiths of Surbiton."—[Photograph by Haines.]

Fire spouting and spluttering, scorching, contorting, sobbing and wailing, crackling, re-crackling; crackling, re-crackling, crackling and crackling. Fire wreathing the chimneys, stealing up towers, invading the ball-room, melting the leads, melting the leads, and crackling, re-crackling; crackling, re-crackling, and melting the leads.

There is a great deal more about the fire, and the smoke before the fire—

Hist! He is smelled out! There follows the instant of listening, of debasing the ears, of quick inhalation through the nostrils—

but our extract will probably be found sufficiently indicative of the general effect. One other example, and we have done—

Certain long-pated financial magnates, suckled in the unlovely school of the dollar.

Was Mr. Nowell Griffith suckled in school? It seems unlikely. And yet . . .

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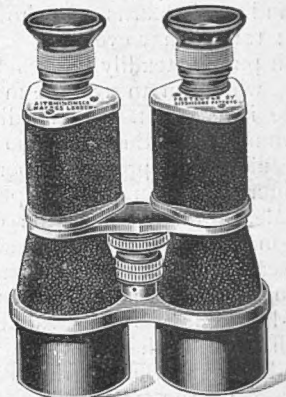
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